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Vol. CLVIII No. 2062 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 29 1939

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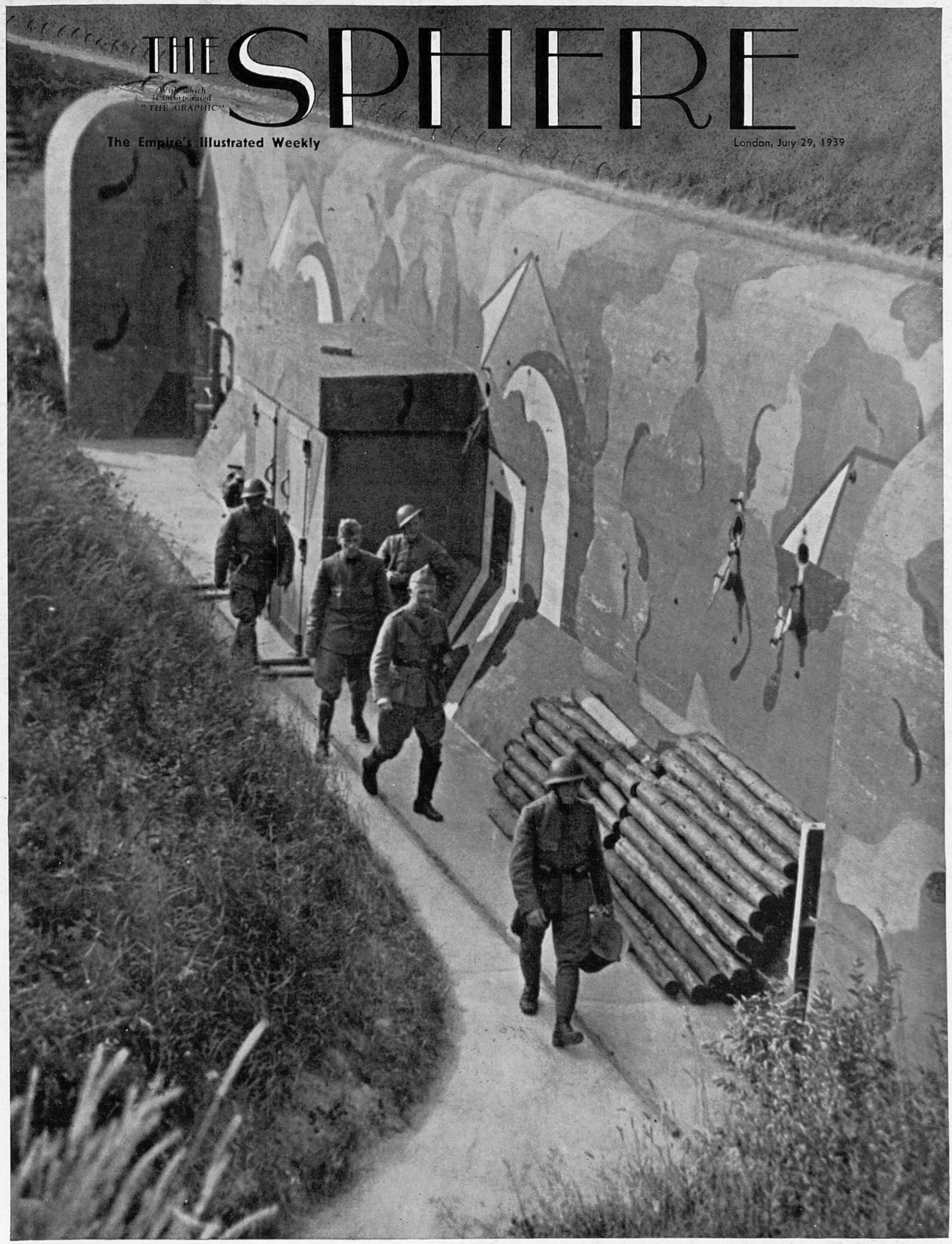
C.J.L. (2)

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, July 29, 1939



HOLLAND BUILDS A MAGINOT LINE

Dutch Troops Outside One of the Underground Forts Erected on the Eastern Frontier

Holland, while anxious to stand aloof from all European quarrels and thus preserve her cherished neutrality, is to-day making plain to the world that her people, though sharply divided politically, are determined to defend to the utmost the integrity of the national boundaries. By means of a series of energetic measures, the first of which were introduced in September, 1937, the period of conscript training has been increased from five-and-a-half months to two years, the German border has been fortified in the same manner as the Maginot Line, the mouths of the rivers Maas and Scheldt have been mined, the whole coast has been provided with powerful batteries, anti-aircraft guns have been mounted in all large towns, bridges and dykes have been prepared for immediate destruction in case of emergency, and, in fact, everything has been done to protect Holland from surprise attack. At a moment's notice over 100,000 fully trained men could be put in the field, while it is estimated that the Netherlands Army, inclusive of all reserves, would, on a war footing, total about 1,000,000 soldiers. These are facts to which Holland can point with pride and there is reason to suppose that the spirit of her citizens is no less vital to-day than it was when William the Silent led the Dutch against the might of Spain

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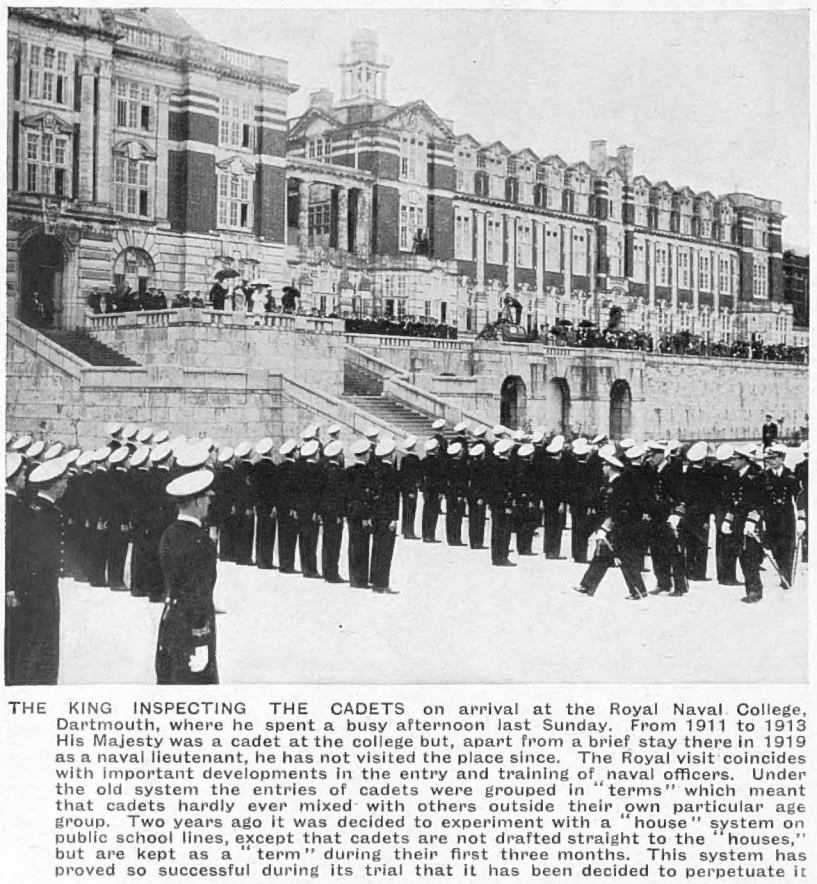
WEYMOUTH'S LOYAL SEND-OFF TO THE ROYAL FAMILY: Citizens crowding the decks of a steamer and the quayside as they cheered the King and Queen and the Princesses who are seen going aboard the barge which took them out to the Royal yacht. The *Victoria and Albert* then sailed for Dartmouth where His Majesty inspected the Naval College. He spent some years at the college as a cadet



THE KING INSPECTING THE CADETS on arrival at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, where he spent a busy afternoon last Sunday. From 1911 to 1913 His Majesty was a cadet at the college but, apart from a brief stay there in 1919 as a naval lieutenant, he has not visited the place since. The Royal visit coincides with important developments in the entry and training of naval officers. Under the old system the entries of cadets were grouped in "terms" which meant that cadets hardly ever mixed with others outside their own particular age group. Two years ago it was decided to experiment with a "house" system on public school lines, except that cadets are not drafted straight to the "houses," but are kept as a "term" during their first three months. This system has proved so successful during its trial that it has been decided to perpetuate it

WELL AND TRULY PLANTED: The Queen commemorates her visit by putting in a beech tree in energetic fashion in the grounds of the Naval College, Dartmouth

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, July 26, 1939.

NEUTRALITY AND U.S.A.

—The Isolationists have done Mr. Roosevelt, and it was a defeat he never expected. Indeed, he was confident of getting his way early in June. He underrated, as we did, the strength of America's blind determination to keep out of Europe's Insanity Fair as long as possible, and Mr. Roosevelt, like most of us, fears that that determination has not reduced the chances of war. It must have encouraged all aggressors. Yet it is difficult to blame it on American Isolationists. Turning back the pages of history, we look with envious eyes on the England of 1902. We were splendidly isolated. We had no commitments in Europe. With impregnable sea-power, and flying not yet invented, we watched from safe Olympus the vendettas of small mortals. It was Germany's naval and military challenge which forced us to conclude treaties, first with Japan, then France, then Russia. America to-day is not in our happy 1902 position. But she is sufficiently remote from great air-fleets to feel that in the present horror of madness in Europe, she is wise and not purblind to keep outside the madhouse walls as long as may be. The future? Sufficient unto the day is the black evil thereof. No, it is hard to condemn the Isolationists. Six months (or less) hence, it may be another story; another *Lusitania* may have converted the States.

PENSIONS FOR M.P.s.—

I always respect, if I do not always agree with, Mr. Duff Cooper's opinions. His views on the M.P.s.' Pensions Bill have my respect and agreement. He marshals very admirably the strong reasons why the Bill should have been dropped. In the life of the present Parliament M.P.s have already taken time and measures to increase their own screws by 50 per cent. More than half the House clearly is uncomfortable about the Bill, which had a very unconvincing first reading, for the silent disapprovers equalled in number those who voted against it. The Labour Party would have nothing to do with it. They are deeply concerned for higher pensions for the aged poor and widows. The chief grounds of opposition to it are: Shame that the House should at this time take up invaluable time on their private affairs. A sense that the credit of the House of Commons does not stand as high as it did. It is a sense widely experienced. A feeling that the Bill itself is a bad Bill. It is opposed to the canons of Socialism, and an absurdity so long as the Conservative Central Office still winks at the local practice of choosing candidates on a basis of wealth—of what can be squeezed out in the way of local subscriptions. Why the Premier and Chancellor were so anxious to get the measure through is a puzzle to me and to thousands. One would have thought that they—the makers of many budgets and the praisers of saving and prudence—would of all people most deplore a measure which removes from our chosen legislators—and presumably exemplars—the vital virtues of providence and wise saving in their own affairs. The House has lost credit because it talks too much outside the House. It will get no credit henceforth when the Bill goes through and it talks to us about prudence and saving. For it will have proved itself utterly incapable of practising what it preaches.

DEBAUCHING A NATION.

—Scientific methods are now being applied in this country and elsewhere to a detailed and documented survey derived from consular and vice-consular reports of the atrocities and cruelties and injustice which have so long been the practice in German concentration camps. The effort is being made to ascertain the extent to which these horrors are due to a studied policy directed by the Nazi government and to what extent they may be charged to the individual sadism of camp governors. There is already good ground for the belief that, for some inexplicable reason, it is a part of Nazi government policy to debauch the nation in sadism and to lash to a frenzy of cruelty those who have the charge of persecuted minorities and so-called enemies of the State. In the conclusion so far arrived at, the scientific mind is more concerned with the disease as it affects the world at large than with its results on the internal state of Germany. It sees a time coming when the world can no longer look on and suffer the poison to spread beyond the confines of a single state. To the unscientific mind, the one (and more immediate) gleam of hope lies in the belief that such methods bring inevitably a more local reaction in the disgust and revolt of those who are made parties to them, in the hatred and bitterness which such injustice and barbarity breed in the persecuted.

PITY THROUGH STRENGTH.

—It is queer to look back over the past six months and to observe how public anxiety has waxed and waned, how periods of certainty that war must come have given place to periods of modified optimism measured in weeks and usually dictated by a pause in Axis hate-propaganda or the disappearance of Hitler temporarily from the centre of the stage. But latterly these periods of optimism have not caused British and French efforts to be relaxed. In hope and pessimism the gigantic work has gone on unabated, and to-day at last both nations are reaching the conviction that, if war comes, the Axis powers cannot win it. And that conviction robs the tongues of Goebbels and of Gayda and their like of more than half their poison power. We see them at last, for what they are, puzzled, frightened men, hired for a disagreeable, nasty job with no very clear instructions and no defined policy, men who, time and again, have perjured themselves and contradicted themselves and made a nonsense of any personal claim to logic, sense, consistency or knowledge. Time was when I thought bitterly that a special and new and terrible hell would be created for these men who have gambled with the lives of innocent millions. But now, I think it will be hell enough to leave them to their memories and their consciences. A sufficient and fit punishment if they could be compelled to spend six months in armchairs, working ten hours a day in re-reading all that they have said and written in the past half year. I think the experience would leave them deflated. But it is sad that we have only begun to pity them since we reached the conviction that our strength was greater than that of the Axis powers.

THE BOGEY.—

For generations the bogey has terrified the dim minds of our Governments. In the days when the big Bogey of Boney terrified English nurseries, our bogey even more terrified our statesmen. Always statesmen of all parties, since democracy raised

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN L... Palace garden party, t... of the London season, h... rain. Some of the ear... walked out on to the ra... decision to abandon t... was intense disappo... invited guests, many ... able distances from t...

its head, had known that bogey—conscription. It would be the signal for revolution if any form of conscription was proposed in peace time. And now the bogey is found to have been a hollow turnip with a night light inside it. Greatly daring, the Government ventured to "trust the people" at last. The young men conscribed are proud to train and serve, and quite clearly are going to have a good time during their training. And to combine profit with pleasure, at least until called upon for war (and *then* the risks are shared by all the nation, from the cradle to the chimney-corner). What will their military training do for them? It will give them the corporate spirit, inculcate an *esprit de corps*, discipline the minds, teach them the value of obedience and team work, strengthen their bodies, broaden their outlook, give them a sense of pride in their country. Already one sees that the disadvantages, real or imagined, of conscription are lost in the bright light of benefits to be derived from it. Already one wonders how the bogey ever grew; and whether our democratic ideal, so long the theme of politicians of all shades, was not totally moonshine, and for generations has not needed above all to be thought out afresh or thought out thoroughly. That "liberty of the citizen"! What has it meant in practice in the past 30 years? The only liberty that has remained unchallenged to the individual has been the liberty to embarrass the Government in time of trouble by loose talk. For the rest, we have been conscribed for a generation in every sphere.

By
The Old Stager

ADAM AND EVE AND EPSTEIN.—The age of giants is not, after all, over. There are no longer many private houses in commission capable of hanging enormous canvases; a majority of rich people with money to spare live in flats. And as with canvases, so with statuary carved from 3-ton blocks. But there remain the public galleries and now, a new source of hope and inspiration for great sculptors, the one-piece show at popular prices at the seaside fun cities. Epstein's "Adam" has been showing at Blackpool to 5,000 people a day. Indeed, so successful has been the draw, so shrewd the publicity, that Mr. Lawrence Wright, who took the risk, has commissioned Mr. Epstein to create (out of one of "Adam's" alabaster ribs) a colossal "Eve" which will be Blackpool's peep show next summer. When business is so brisk, "it is not good that man should live alone," and Mr. Wright is ready to pay many thousands for the commission of Adam's mate. So the prospects of business *must* be good. Good, too, for culture. Mr. Epstein is a great genius who puts his whole soul and his fearless imagination into his vast, rugged, terrific conceptions, and those who come to titter or be shocked usually remain to admire and contemplate in humility and silence and to go away with a new set of ideas in their heads. So Blackpool, queen of fun cities, is also the pioneer in a new venture in culture for the masses.

ING MEMORY the Buckingham ditionally the culminating event to be cancelled owing to heavy arrivals are seen here as they sodden grounds before the gathering took place. There ment among the ten thousand whom had travelled consider- Provinces in order to be present

BLUE PETER.—Lord Rosebery, like his father, has made and shared records on the Turf as an owner. His father's record will never be beaten, I will wager. He won the Derby two years in succession *as Premier*, and after the second victory, the King's Jockey Club dinner celebrated the event as a unique occasion in turf history. Blue Peter's record in winning the Derby, the Two Thousand, and the Eclipse equals the record set up 39 years ago by Diamond Jubilee. King Edward had another record in his racing career. He won the Derby and the National in one year. Blue Peter is almost a Pretty Polly in popularity and certainty. This year he has won every race for which he has been started and netted his owner in stakes alone well over £30,000. A fine investment a great horse can be—apart from betting on him—both during his racing career and long afterwards. But great horses are like best-sellers—rarities. And just as one best-seller may be the life-blood of a publishing house for a generation, while it turns out a thousand unprofitable books, so may one horse hold a racing stable's head above water, while scores of comparatively expensive failures are trained and entered and maintained.

THE NELSON RELICS.—"Priceless" is the adjective applied to the Nelson relics given to the National Maritime Museum by the brothers Nelson-Ward, grandsons of Nelson's daughter, Horatia. It is applied by a sober journal, and justly applied. For it contains a wealth of the most intimate writings and personal belongings of a national hero surrounded by a romantic halo which never fades. More than this, these possessions were regarded by Lady Hamilton and her daughter as worth starving for. One by one, they were compelled to sell at fancy prices many of the relics of the great sailor, but these things they held on to to the end. There has been much traffic in obscurer Nelson relics. A collection disposed of at Christie's in 1933 carried the claim, for a part of it, that the owner was a granddaughter of one of Hardy's brothers and that the lots had descended to her as gifts made by Sir Thomas and his family. There was no basis either for the claim that she was (illegitimately) a Hardy or that any of the relics had come from Sir Thomas who and whose family never parted with any he had possessed. I will comment only on one of the Nelson-Ward relics. It is a letter from Hardy to Lady Hamilton which begins: "My ever dear Lady Hamilton, I send you herewith your dear Nelson's shoe buckles which I took off his feet . . ." It is written in 1806. This letter suggests to me two things. First, that Nelson wore more than two shoe buckles at Trafalgar. Second, that the frank, honest, uncompromising Hardy was capable of polite prevarication. For if one thing is certain, it is that all his life Hardy loathed Emma Hamilton as Emma was bitterly jealous of Hardy. Neither concealed from Nelson their dislike and distrust of the other.

CANCELLED.—A dull season ended in a flop. For the first time in its history the Garden Party at the Palace was cancelled because of rain. It was the sort of rain that teases. It always looked as if it was just stopping. There was no good reason to cancel the party at 3 p.m. or even at 3.30 p.m. when a few hundred optimists walked in under umbrellas. When the cancellation was decided on about 4 p.m., the decision proved a right one. The grounds were soaking and the rain did not stop until after 6 p.m. The handful of optimists took toll of the tea before the courteous angels banished them from the Garden of Eden. It was a bitter disappointment for many thousands of privileged folk whose one chance in the year it is to have a "close-up" of the King and Queen, and bitter indeed is the lot of those who, coming from the country, find themselves in London, all dressed up and nowhere to go. But it fell heaviest on the Palace officials, all of whom between 2.30 p.m. and 5 o'clock put in a mighty lot of hard work. What a July! Rotting hay, cancelled fixtures, floods, snow, lightning, for nearly three weeks. And the sun has hid her face, in jealousy at the close proximity of blood-red Mars in the south-eastern sky.

CARNATIONS FOR THE PRINCESSES: Their Royal Highnesses thanking Josephine Dowell and Vivien Atkins, two Weymouth school children, for the magnificent bouquets they presented on behalf of their colleagues. The Royal visit to Weymouth was of an informal character, but was marked by great enthusiasm

LONDON HAS A NEW KIND OF ROAD SIGN directing the public to those air raid trenches that have been set up permanently in various parts of the Metropolitan area. Since the September crisis, when London dug itself in with all speed and with little regard to appearances, many of the boroughs have neatly hidden their trenches beneath flower beds and lawns. Those in Westminster were open to the public this week so that people might become acquainted with their layout

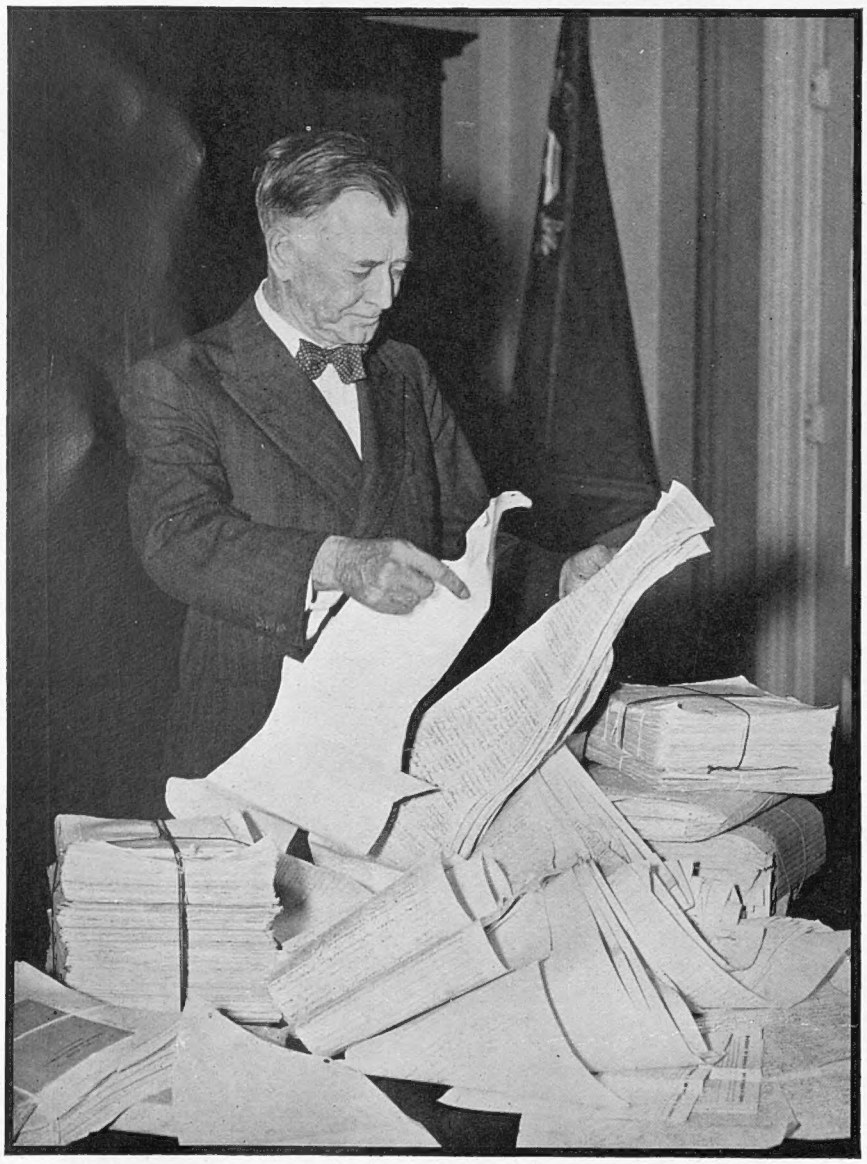
"THE SPHERE" SUR

POLAND IN BRITAIN

Colonel Koc (left), head of the Polish Mission to London, seen as he left the Treasury after discussing points of technical difficulty arising from Britain's imposition of strict terms in regard to her £5,000,000 loan to Poland. The two parties were reportedly nearing agreement last Wednesday

FRANCE IN BELGIUM

President Lebrun of France, who has been paying a State visit to Belgium, accompanied by King Leopold as he appeared on a balcony of the palace at Liége to acknowledge the ovation of the crowd. While in Liége the President and his host inspected the International Water Exhibition



FROM WASHINGTON

Senator Key Pittman, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, looking through some of the signatures in the immense petition organised in order to urge the imposition of trade embargoes against Japan. Anti-Japanese feeling is running very high throughout the U.S.

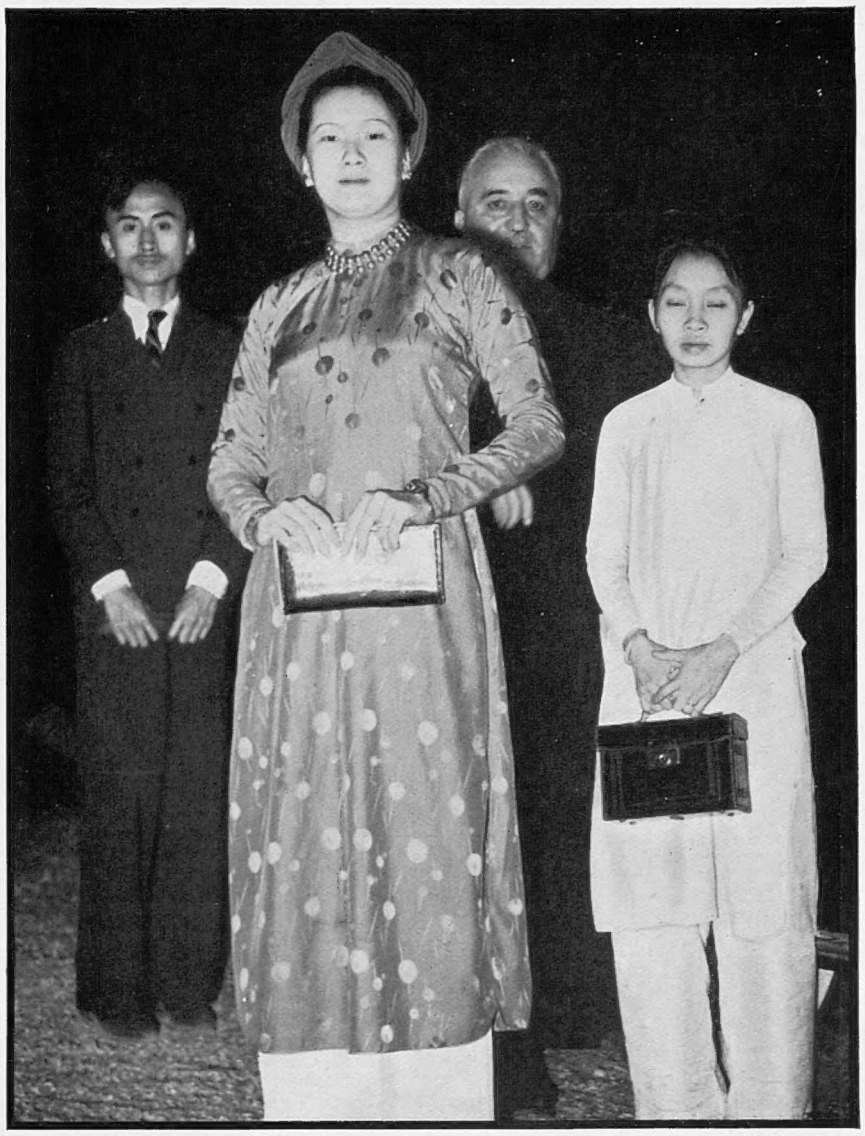
FROM POITIERS

General Garchery, Inspector General of the French Infantry and member of the War Council, decorating General Rasseler, Commander of the St. Maxent Infantry School, with the Legion of Honour following the passing-out ceremony at the school when the new officers were created

VEYS THE WORLD

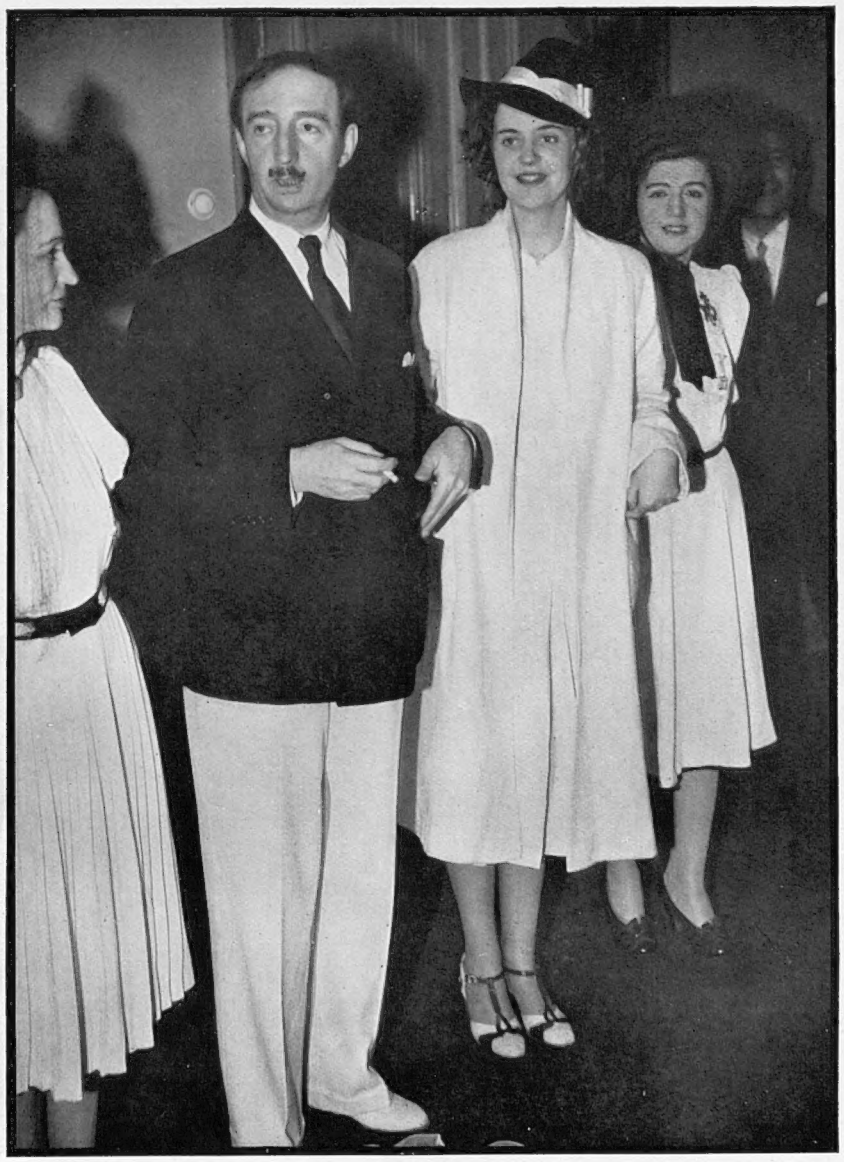
BRITAIN IN POLAND

General Sir Edmund Ironside, Britain's newly appointed Inspector-General of Overseas Forces, exchanges greetings with General Stachiewicz, Chief of the Polish General Staff, on arrival at Warsaw for staff talks, during which arrangements were made for co-operation in the event of war



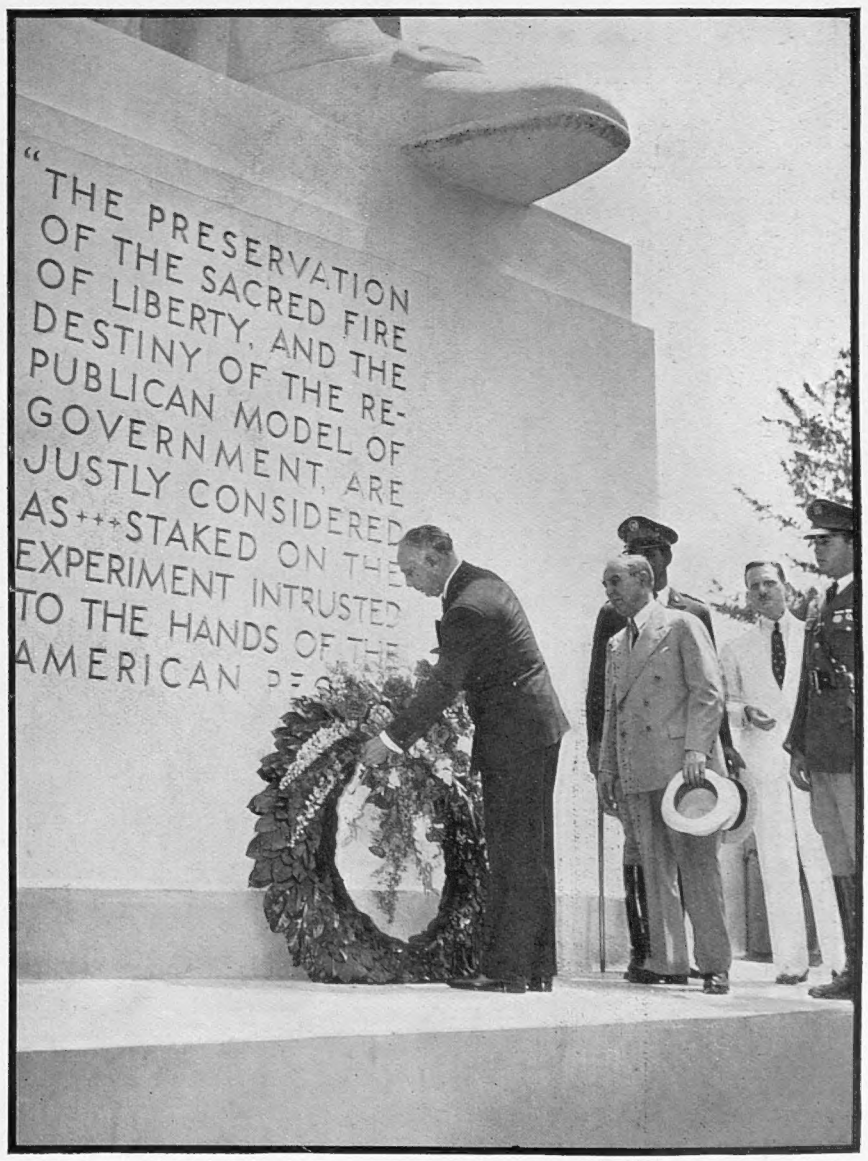
ANNAM IN ITALY

The Queen of Annam, who has been making an extensive tour of Europe in company with King Bao-Dai, pictured with members of her entourage in Rome, where she was received by the Pope. The Queen, in common with a large number of her subjects, is a member of the Roman Catholic Church



FROM STOCKHOLM

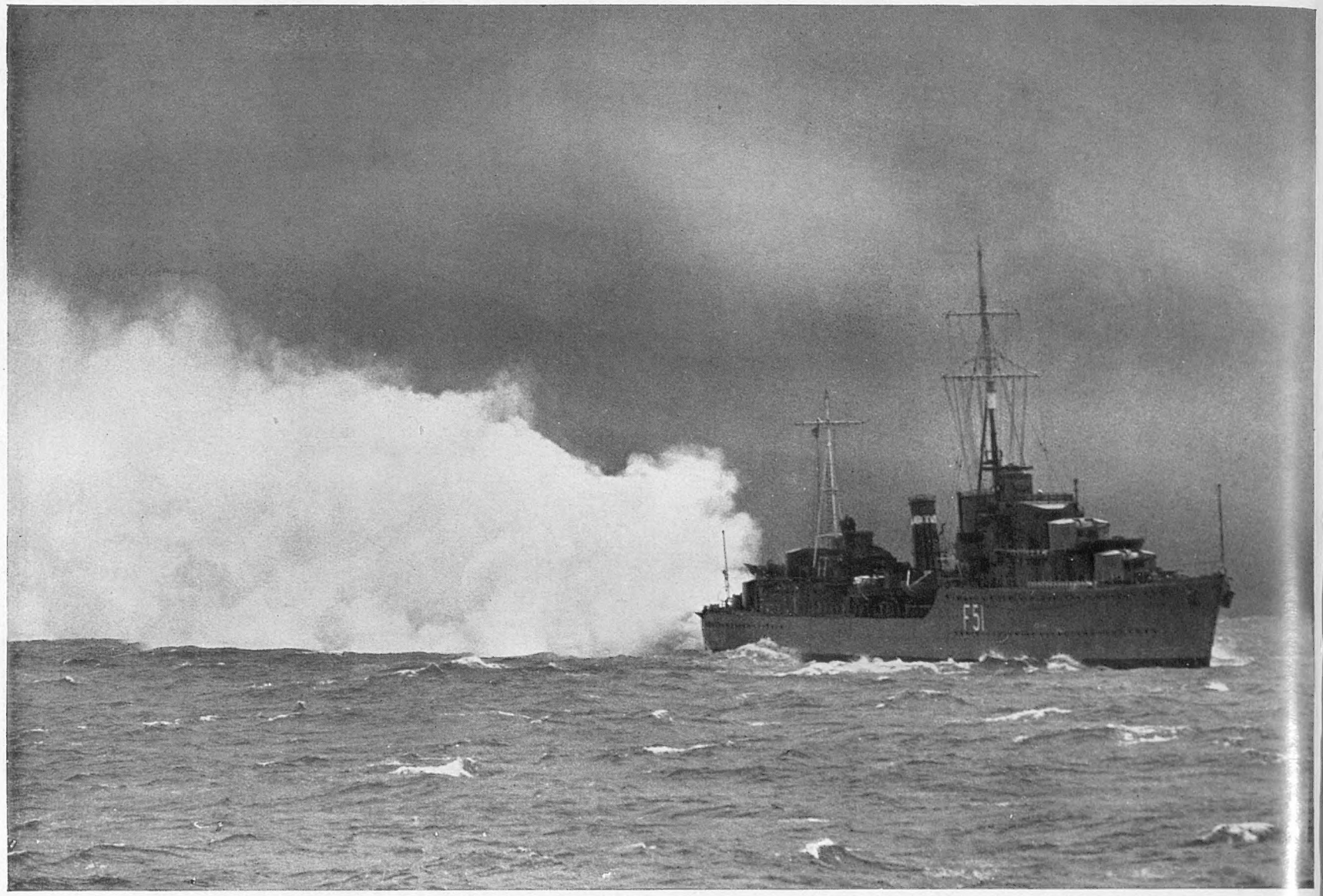
King Zog and Queen Geraldine, who have been travelling with their baby son ever since their flight from Albania, seen at their Stockholm hotel. Their visit to France was delayed at the beginning of this week on account of the baby's indisposition. King Zog hopes to settle in England eventually



FROM NEW YORK

General Rafael L. Trujillo, former President of the Dominican Republic, who has lately been the guest of the U.S. Government, laying a wreath at the foot of the statue of George Washington in the grounds of the New York World's Fair. Dominica was for long under America's wing

BRITAIN'S BID FOR NAVAL STRENGTH AND AER



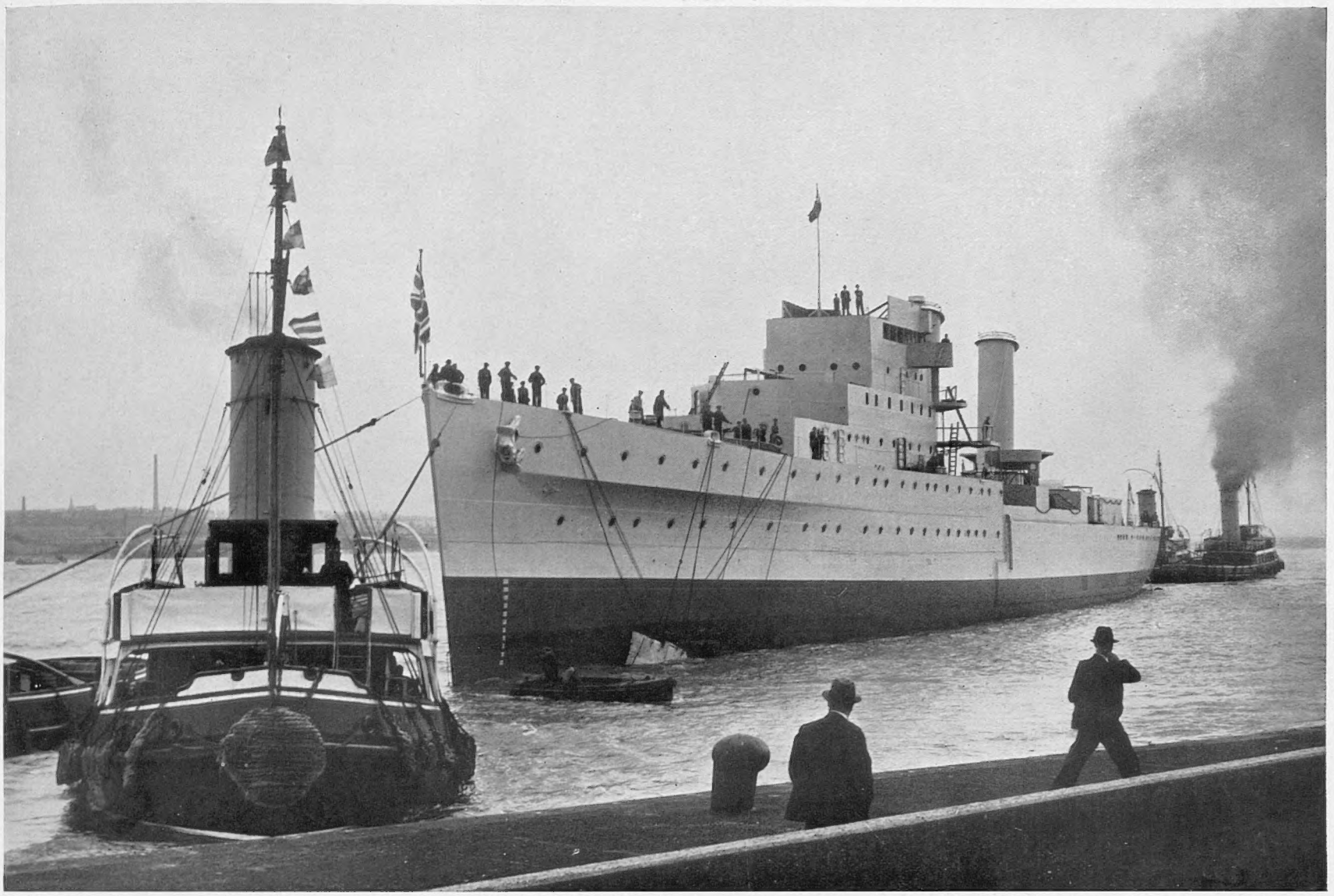
PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK

H.M.S. *Ashanti*, one of Britain's latest destroyers and a member of th formidable Tribal class, demonstrates the two methods of laying an effecti smoke screen now used by the Royal Navy. A picture taken during destroy exercises in the English Channel. Ordinary black funnel smoke is seen the background, while on the left is a thick screen of white chemical smo

FLYING IN DRAKE'S WAKE

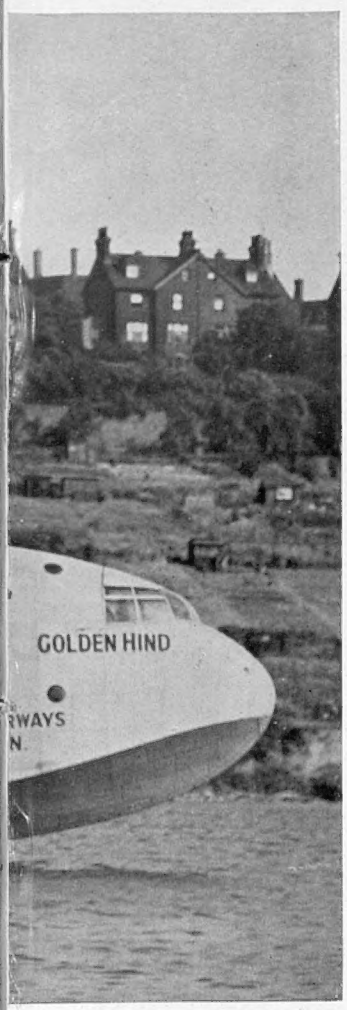
Golden Hind, named after the ship in which Drake circumnavigated the from Rochester on her trial flight. She is the first of three 3½-ton flying boats for Imperial Airways, and it is possible that they will play a large part in Atlantic air route, via Foynes, Newfoundland, and Montreal. At the moment fast Clipper ships that have put up such good performances this year, is

IAL DOMINANCE : YOUTH DISPORTS AT COWES



Tugs towing H.M.S. *Dido* into her fitting-out basin after she had been launched from Messrs. Cammell Laird's Birkenhead yard. She was one of three cruisers that were all launched for the Navy last week within 25 hours of each other, a fact that evidences clearly enough the pace of our present rearmament programme. The *Dido* is the name-ship of a new class of five vessels

YET ANOTHER NEW CRUISER



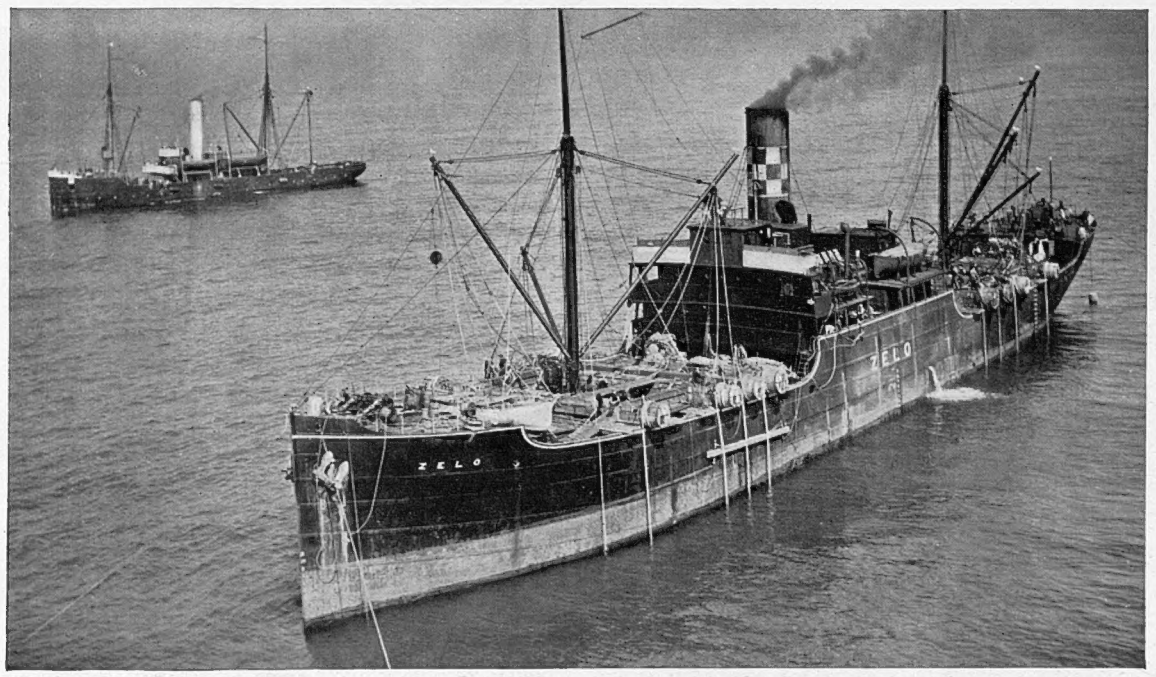
globe, pictured as she took off built by Messrs. Short Brothers the development of the North the United States, with the clearly dominating the situation

Competitors busily at work on Cowes front preparing their high-masted dinghies for the series of dinghy races which have been held during the past few days at the headquarters of the yachting world. Girl competitors have been particularly prominent this year

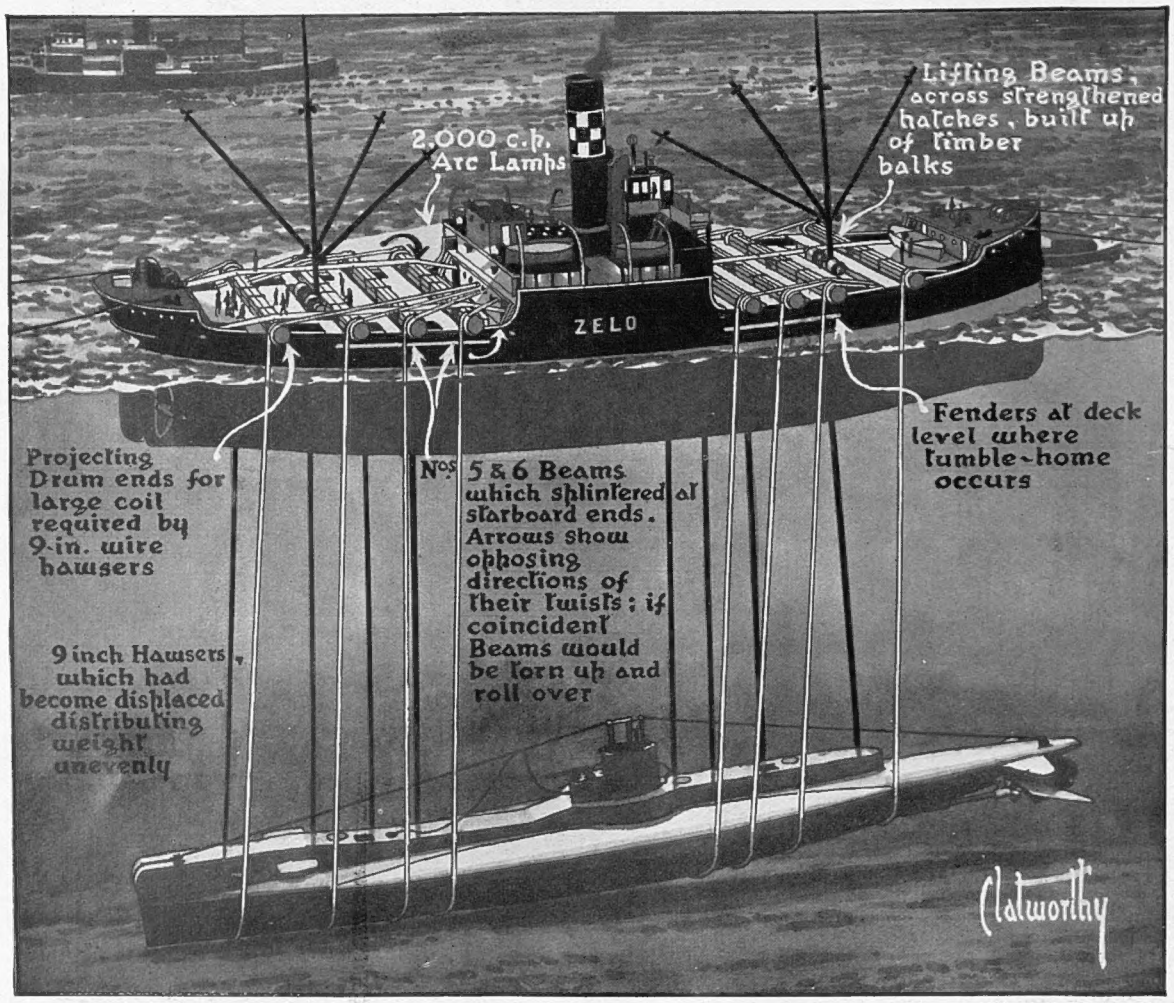
TALL MASTS, SMALL BOATS

THE "THETIS" AGAIN DEFIES SALVAGE ATTEMPTS

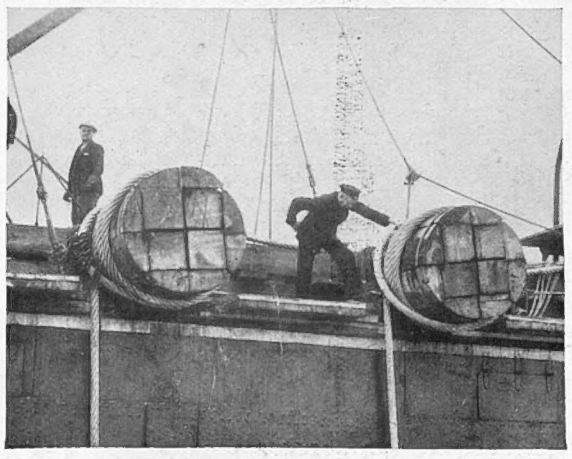
The Submarine's Uneven Weight Smashes Part of the "Zelo's" Special Lifting Gear



WITH THE "THETIS" CRADLED IN HAWSERS BENEATH HER: A view of the salvage vessel *Zelo* as she attempted last Saturday the intensely difficult task of lifting the ill-fated submarine from the sea-bed and of bringing her to the Welsh coast by easy stages and with the help of successive tides. The attempt failed as two timber lifting drums in the *Zelo* collapsed at the critical moment through the fact that the strain was unevenly distributed



Drawn by Clarworthy



TAKING THE STRAIN: Two of the great wooden drums which were laid across the deck of the salvage vessel *Zelo* and which carried the hawsers that cradled the *Thetis* beneath her. The hawsers were of nine-inch diameter and were specially made for this salvage effort

THE PLAN THAT FAILED: The above diagram shows the method employed last week in the attempt to salve the sunken submarine *Thetis*. The *Zelo* had been prepared for the task by the strengthening of her hatches and the placing above them of eight beams or cylinders built up of baulks of timber firmly fastened together. Four of these cylinders were towards the bow and four towards the stern. The ends of the cylinders were prepared as drums for the hawsers, and projected over the port and starboard sides of the *Zelo*. The 9-in. wire hawsers were wound round these drums in reverse direction so that the strain on them should not set them rolling. If the strain on the sixteen drum ends of the cylinders had been equal, the attempt to raise the submarine would probably have been successful, but unfortunately some of the 9-in. hawsers had become displaced along the bottom of the submarine and an unequal strain was set up on two of the cylinders. These, counting from the bow, were Nos. 5 and 6. The two beams began to splinter at their starboard ends in a manner which made it impossible to proceed with the salvaging until a more perfect distribution of weight could be accomplished and until the necessary repairs had been carried out to the *Zelo*'s gear. This is the second time she has had to return to the Mersey

A.R.P. MUST GO ON

However Much the International Situation May Change for the Better—A Record of Current Activities on the Home Front

ONE is tempted to grow lyrical over a better complexion of things at the moment, which is entirely due to an unequivocal stiffening of resistance to truculence. For somehow the dawn wind seems to waft across a still black horizon a whiff of more wholesome air; a resurrection for nations of a policy of live and let live—especially the little nations; a hint of once more the faithful abiding by the promised word; the return, even, of gentlemanly behaviour in high places dishonoured. . . .

A.R.P. hopes so; provided there is no slacking in what has brought it about. On the contrary, the first sign of hesitation in opposing ranks is the signal for the whole line to advance. And a gesture that will appeal to those still on the fence. Let us continue to "look tough, talk tough, act tough"—and scrupulously fair. It is, it seems, the only attitude that is really understood.

The lack of regular and continuous first aid training for wardens is a sore subject at the moment. Some of us, weary of waiting, are allowed by courtesy to attend exercises privately arranged by Auxiliary Red Cross members. Except for studying the handbook, I am as ignorant of first aid in practice as when at eighteen years of age I was sufficiently ignorant to save a life, instead of just patching it up to last till it came under trained hands. There *were* no trained hands. That was fifty years ago on the Canadian prairie.

One of my sheep had ripped her stomach jumping through a barbed-wire fence, and my sister, aged sixteen, and I went to the rescue. I pulled some hair out of a horse's mane and got a bradawl. We turned the sheep upside down and my sister kept things tucked back in the wound while I bored holes and stitched along it like sewing up the mouth of a sack. No antiseptics, of course. The danger was flies. When finished I coated everything over with coal tar worked well into the short wool. This formed a solid mat which hung on for weeks. Rough and ready? I believe you. But the miracle was the sheep lived, though for the rest of her life she went with the abstracted air of one nursing a secret trouble. No doubt a wonderful climate helped, but you see the point. A little knowledge may be a dangerous thing, but better a little than none at all if the alternative is certain death. Nobody but a fool would apply it if skilled aid were close at hand, but in an air raid it may well happen that it is not—in time.

Buying of houses in the country by insurance companies, banks, and business concerns generally for use in case of emergency is proceeding steadily. The main reason for the purchases is to provide safe accommodation for staffs, and space for the storage of records and documents in wartime. With regard to the leaving of houses and their contents at short notice which this would entail, the Air Raid Defence League, pending an authoritative statement, takes the view that undoubtedly the Auxiliary Police and the Police War Reserve, who are particularly strong in recruits, will include among their duties the guarding of such properties, as well as those that may be exposed to the marauder as the result of air raids, though on certain occasions they might be supplemented by the military.

Householders, mortgagors and lessors will derive some comfort from Mr. Oliver Stanley's announcement in the House of Commons on July 17 that a small committee would be invited to examine with the Financial Secretary to the Treasury the whole difficult question of property owners' risks in war. The intended exclusion from the War Risks Insurance Bill of all property except ships, cargoes and commodities met with criticism from all sections of the House, notwithstanding Mr. Stanley's plea that it was of national importance to ensure that shipowners and traders would not be discouraged in peace-time from carrying on their normal activities through fear of loss in the event of war, and also that the risk in their case was of more or less manageable proportions and not wholly beyond the range of calculation.

The cogency of his arguments is unquestioned, the whole subject of war risk insurance teems with complicated technicalities, but, as pointed out by the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, on the score of equity if not of the national interest property owners are equally deserving of consideration, and there is possibly some truth in the contention that the intended exclusion has been the cause of the recent decline in building activity and in real estate values.

Finsbury Borough Council has decided to defy the Government and proceed with its scheme to build fifteen deep shelters. Shop Investments Limited is to finance the scheme. "We have driven an express train through the Government restrictions."

Inglis Sheldon-Williams

JAPANESE POLITICIANS GO FLYING: And Other Aerial News Culled From the Far Eastern World

THE FLYING LEGISLATORS: These ten men, chosen by lot from among 300 members of the Japanese Parliament, were given demonstration flights in military planes during a recent visit to Tachikawa flying field. Standing third from the left is Count Matsudaira, President of the House of Peers, a prominent figure in the councils of the nation

THIS AIRMAN CARRIES A SWORD: Major Joji (left) is one of Japan's ace war pilots, but it is difficult to understand why he needs such a fearsome long-handled weapon when he goes aloft. Standing next to the Major is the well-known Japanese camera correspondent, Natori

IDENTIFICATION IS SIMPLE in the Japanese flying force as each man has inscribed on the back of his coat his name and the name of his squadron. The pilot in this picture is seen receiving final instructions from the officers before going up on a bombing raid. Raids are now being made almost daily on the big cities of the Upper Yangtse

In January of this year the *New York Times* estimated that Japan had between 2,000 and 2,800 first-line planes in her air force and that, provided no unexpectedly severe losses were sustained in warfare, her factories would be able to maintain this figure. Of the real efficiency of the force little is known, as it has had things very much its own way during the Sino-Japanese hostilities. The Japanese politicians who are depicted in flying kit in the top picture on this page spent a whole day at Tachikawa military flying field, and although some of them doubtless came away impressed by what they had observed, others, indicates a Domei agency report, were too air sick really to care what was going on

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ALTERING THE FACE OF BRITAIN: Big Developments at Treforest —Bridge-building in Scotland

A new aerial picture of the Treforest Trading Estate, the great enterprise which the Government has brought into being in the South Wales special area north of Cardiff, and which has as its object the starting of new industries to ensure the future prosperity of the immense population that in happier days throve on the profits of the coal trade. Already 60 per cent. of the 156-acre estate has been let, and over forty factories are in production, employing a total of nearly 2,000 men and women, most of whom would be otherwise on the dole. The estate, which was opened by the Duke of Kent on October 20, 1937, is owned and managed by a non-profit-making company financed by the Government, and, as a result, is able to offer such favourable terms to manufacturers that it is well worth their while to establish themselves there

Re-creating a New Wales from the Depression

This reinforced concrete bridge, which is being set up at a cost of £90,000, is at Dornie, Ross-shire, and will span the estuary of Loch Long. When it is opened to traffic in about a year's time it will save motorists the cost of an expensive ferry. Judging from this picture, it is being constructed in rather an unusual way, the engineers advancing it section by section from one bank only. The foundations, the piers, and the carriageway in each particular section are moulded at the same time

Bridging the Estuary of Loch Long

DYNAMITED BY RETREATING CATALANS: A scene in one of the store rooms at Figueras Castle, Catalonia, after left-wing supporters had attempted to destroy the Spanish national treasures which were stored there so that they would not fall into Franco's hands. The attempt failed and since then the treasures, including 1,300 paintings, have been on view at Geneva, where thousands have flocked to see them

SAFE ON FRENCH TERRITORY: Members of the International Committee appointed to take responsibility for the Spanish art treasures watching some of the pictures being reloaded at Ceret, on the French side of the Pyrenean border, prior to dispatch to Geneva where they have since been in the care of M. Avenol, Secretary-General of the League

CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES: A crowd gathered round "The Judgment of Paris" at Geneva's exhibition of the Spanish art treasures. The exhibition continues until August 31, and then the treasures will be returned to General Franco, together with a cheque for £12,000 or more representing the profits made out of the League's display

ON THE TRAIL OF THE PRADO TREASURES

How These Uninsured Masterpieces Were Brought from Spain and Placed on Exhibition in Geneva

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE evening of February 4 last found me at the Perthuis Pass, observing the Catalan *sauve qui peut* and the retreat of the exhausted Republican militiamen into sheltering France. It was a flood that went forward by fits and starts as the French mobile guards controlled and reorganised, and it was of all kinds: laden donkeys, bashed private cars, families afoot or in carts, Barcelona taxis, lorries, coaches.

Sometimes there would be a hold-up of an hour and more at the point of frontier crossing. And when on such occasions lorries were allowed through, ahead of the poor panicky—and hungry—multitude, cries would emanate from mouths, from features, such as Goya would assuredly have captured for ever.

As it happened, those priority lorries were bearing to safety dozens of Goyas. Twenty in number, and hired in Perpignan, they made seventy journeys out and home, in thirty-six hours, and were saving at the very last moment the glories of Spanish Art from bombed Figueras.

Fascist planes bombed and bombed those lorries, with their high packing-cases. The same thing had happened twice before. On the treasures being sent at the last moment across the Ebro, when Valencia was cut off from Barcelona. And in the first months of the civil war when Madrid's Prado and Royal Palace, where hung the matchless examples, were closely bombed and bombarded.

Should the treasures have been moved at all? Might they not have been safer where they were than subjected to the odyssey that befell them? The true answer may well be something of a mixture along these lines: The masterpieces might have fallen to looting or vandalism, to incendiarism, more than to bombs or shells. Nobody knew what was going to happen in Madrid; here was Spain's national treasure, and the so-called Reds didn't see why they shouldn't show themselves as concerned as the next fellow. Besides, the paintings might attract ("were worth") tens of millions sterling, and in a conflict wherein foreign currency was so vital in order to obtain war supplies, they might have been pawnable or negotiable in an extremity. The Republicans realised that Franco needed foreign currency more than they did, and the treasures should therefore first and foremost be prevented from falling into his hands while the war still lasted, or might not some form of sympathising loan have been raised on them?

I do not aspire to know just whom Charles-Quint, Philip IV, and a few more of them, would thank for their safety were they to step from their frames in Geneva's Museum of Art and History, as so many look like being able to do, but I am going to draw up a list of men to whom we are indebted.

Señor Sert, leading Catalan painter, M. Saujeard, vice-director of the Louvre, Señor del Vayo, late Republican Foreign Minister, M. Jules Henry, French Ambassador, located at Perpignan, Mr. MacLaren, of the National Gallery, Secretary - General Avenol, of the League of Nations, the late Lord Duveen, and MM. Cognacq, David-Weill, and Henraux. And the anonymous drivers and guards of the lorries on the long, long trail from Madrid to Le Perthuis.

Cutting the war, its causes and oscillations clean out, these are as near the tangible figures as one can lay one's hand to, whom posterity could thank for not being bereft of a unique and irreplaceable joy and experience. One looks at it in this way: these were the men who concerted together at a juncture when any blessed thing, or unblessed, might have happened to the pictures, entirely regardless of the rights or wrongs of moving the latter, in the first instance.

I spoke about them, and Franco, and of this and that, with Professor Deonna, a dry little Swiss in whose custody, as director of the Geneva Art Museum, the pictures remain on view until August 31. How came it that Franco, derider-in-the-best-style of democracies, had agreed to favour democratic Switzerland in this signal manner? Did propaganda lie behind it? Desire to acquire foreign currency, however slender? Or was it just the courteous Spanish way out—as Franco was withdrawing unceremoniously from the local League that had figured so prominently in the salvaging of Spain's national treasure, and as he was ideologically loathing that institution, he could not thank it, so he would display his sentiments to the Genevans instead, so many of whom chanced to be, moreover, ideologically sound?

The Professor saw things more simply. Swiss neutrality had been the operative factor in making Franco act as he did, "and because the paintings were on the spot."

Well, one envies these neutrals. Here you get one of them being presented with a superb touristic advantage amid a continental season otherwise badly sagging, just for being "neutral," just whatever construction one cares to put on that term these days.

Since June 1 the massive modern block on Geneva's hill of learning has been thronged ten hours a day, and, what is important to the town, considerably with the well-to-do, branched off specially to see the pictures. The avenues of fine cars of varied international lettering attested to that.

Commentators in five languages take smaller or larger groups through the fifteen rooms in which are exposed the 174 paintings and 21 tapestries, pick of the pick of the Prado, that had never left Spain before. It is the condensation of so many immortal works in so small a space that produces the real dazzle. In Spain, they were spread out, not only through long galleries, some were in different museums. But just think of the impact of entering a room, measuring perhaps 30 ft. by 30 ft., and coming upon more than twenty Velasquezes, perhaps half of them among his greatest. There are 130 Velasquezes in existence, half of which were in the Prado, and half round the world. Here, in this small Genevan *salle*, are the pick of the Prado's!

One Swiss guardian watched quite 100 of us as we crushed round, able to lean over a frail wooden barrier to within a few inches of any picture. The barriers had been put in position only a week before, to prevent experts and enthusiasts touching the canvases with magnifying glasses and even, apparently, with other gadgets—very few paintings having glass. All rather carefree, it seemed, to the inexpert passer-by. Visitors could carry coats, if not sticks. What of some maniacal or publicity-crazed or ideological furtiveness, such as slashing or acid, from beneath a coat? No chance of pulling off a Watteau coup, these pictures were too big, the crowd too dense, and many paintings had bells on; nevertheless, what of other risks?

The Professor was entirely at his ease. Everything was being closely guarded. Detectives mingled incessantly with the public, ready to pounce. Trained dogs were kept in the basement, and these could smell out anyone hiding after the night session, ending at 10.30 p.m. There was no danger, in fact, in tranquil, orderly Switzerland, according to the Professor, who added a truly extraordinary circumstance. These acknowledged greatest of the world's masterpieces were not insured for one centime, as they hung there, day and night, for three months. "The sum asked was not discussable. These pictures are beyond price. They can be valued by insurance companies at a hundred million pounds, at anything!"

When the train-load of treasure reached Geneva on February 13, its two and twenty tarpaulined trucks contained 1,300 paintings (also 9 miles, yes, 9 miles of tapestries that I must pass over), yet no fewer than 23,000 other pictures had been left behind in the cellars of the Prado, where they had been concentrated from many quarters, and where all were later to be found intact. The League, then, gave sanctuary to 1,300 pictures, yet of these only 352 came from the Prado—already a select picking from that quarter. A second selection of 174 masterpieces was made for this Exhibition by the Professor and by Don Fernando Sotomayor, director of the Prado, and that is how one moves amid a veritable embarrassment of riches, such as never happened at the Prado, or anywhere else, before.

You move from room to room, each gloriously hung with dozens of Velasquezes, Goyas, Grecos. There are thirty-four by Velasquez, thirty-eight by Goya, twenty-five by Greco, including their best known. You pass on to "lesser" Riberas, Murillos. And this is to put in second place the Prado's commanding "foreigners."

(*Continued on page* 188)

KEEPING WATCH OVER THE TREASURES: M. Jougaud (centre), director of the Louvre, seen on arrival in Geneva on February 13 after accompanying the consignment from Ceret on the Pyrenean frontier

BRITAIN RISES

THE FIRST BATCH OF R.A.F. MILITIAMEN: These twenty-year-olds, who have been called to the Colours and have been posted at their own request to the Royal Air Force, arrived last week at the Receiving Depot at West Drayton. Some of them are seen after being issued with equipment, while others are shown queuing up on arrival

MIXED GRILL AND BANANAS AND CREAM constituted the menu when the first batch of R.A.F. militiamen had their first meal at the Central Depot, West Drayton. *The Times* Aeronautical Correspondent has commented most favourably on the messing arrangements

LORD GORT ON THE BARRACK SQUARE: The Chief of the Imperial General Staff watching newly enrolled militiamen in training at the depot of the Royal Norfolk Regiment at Norwich during his aerial tour of the new militia camps on the east and north-east coasts

BUSY DAYS AT GREAT SCOTLAND YARD: Recruiting sergeants leaving the Central Recruiting Depot with a party of young men who had been accepted for service in the Regular Army and whom they were about to see off to their units. All post-war records in Regular Army recruiting for June were broken last month when 4,672 men joined up. This was an increase of 1,069 over the corresponding period of last year

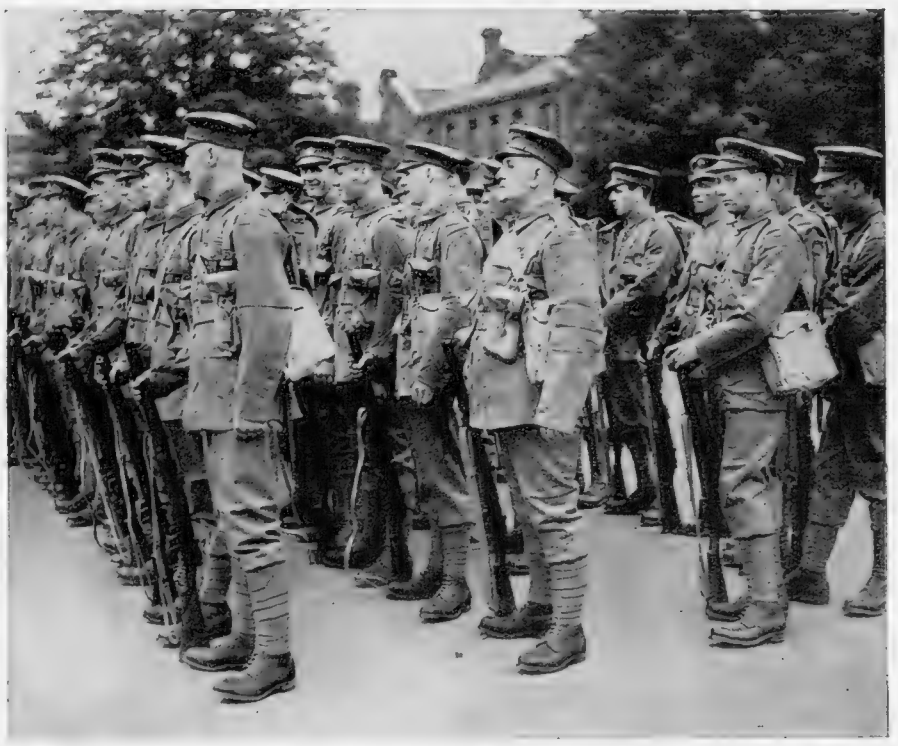
THE C.I.G.S. SEES FOR HIMSELF: Lord Gort in conversation with Wing-Commander V. Buxton, O.B.E., Officer Commanding, Hendon Aerodrome, before he left Hendon on his aerial tour of the new militia camps. His first call was at the depot of the Royal Norfolk Regiment at Norwich, and he then went on to Lincoln to see the recruits of the Lincolnshire Regiment. Lord Gort afterwards visited Newcastle

TO ARMS: Militiamen, Reservists, and Volunteers Join Up

SALUTING BY NUMBERS was one of the first lessons taught the militiamen, mostly from the Liverpool and Birkenhead area, who are undergoing training at Bowerham Barracks, Lancaster, headquarters of the King's Own Royal Regiment

IN COLUMN OF THREES: These militiamen are stationed with the East Surrey Regiment at Kingston and, although they have been in the service for only a short time, they are obviously shaping well to judge by their marching on the barrack square. An N.C.O. instructor walks behind, giving the step and doubtless exhorting them to keep their heads up, their chests out, and their arms swinging

THE SERGEANT DEMONSTRATES: An N.C.O. instructor corrects a subaltern in his manner of saluting on the parade ground at Sandhurst, where 400 young officers of the Territorial Army have been receiving a fortnight's refresher course before going into camp. The officers come from all parts of the United Kingdom, and in this picture are seen representatives of three nationalities



IN UNIFORMS CREASED FROM YEARS OF STORAGE reservists of the Coldstream Guards line up at Chelsea Barracks for their first parade on being called to the Colours following the passage of the Reserve and Auxiliary Forces Bill. After all these years their uniforms strike a faintly incongruous note, for Army fashions have changed remarkably

THEY NEVER FORGET: Major Sir Alexander Stanier, M.C., inspecting reservists of the Welsh Guards when they were called to the Colours last week. The smartness of these ex-regulars on parade is most satisfactory and it is good to know that the new army will have an adequate intermixture of experience. It is now declared that the Regulars, the Territorials, and the Reservists will provide a total strength of about 1,000,000 men under arms during August and the first fortnight in September

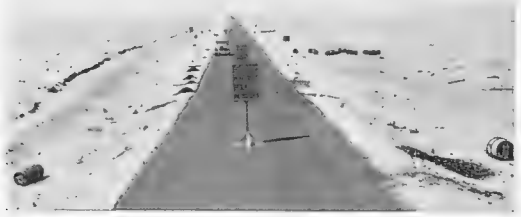
SUBALTERNS ARE PUT THROUGH THEIR PACES during a refresher course at Sandhurst where 400 of them have been receiving tuition. These courses are absolutely essential, as of recent years such immense changes have taken place in the theory of warfare

MARZIPAN ROADS ACROSS THE EGYPTIAN DESERT

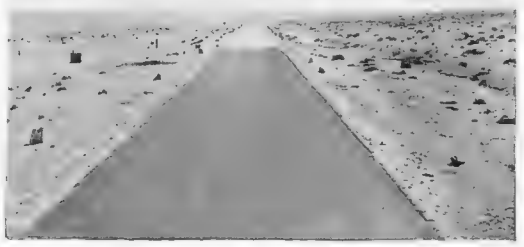
They Are Building These Highways at the Rate of a Mile and a Quarter a Day, and Swiftly the Whole Nation is Becoming Linked Strategically

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

ROAD-BUILDING REVOLUTIONISED: Work in progress on one of the so-called Marzipan roads that are being built across the Egyptian desert at the incredible rate of a mile and a quarter a day. As the steaming plastic substance emerges from the mixer it bites into the sand and binds it together



PLASTIC ROADS FOR PLASTIC TYRES runs the inscription on this signboard on an as yet unopened section of one of the new Egyptian highways. It is actually possible to take a car on a Marzipan road on the day after the surface has been laid down



A NEW ROAD TO SUEZ: A modern Marzipan highway that may one day prove of vital strategic value

CARS CAN TRAVEL AT 80 M.P.H. on the new Egyptian roads and it is reckoned that, although their surface is no more than two inches thick, the roads will last at least seven years without extensive repairs having to be made. *Below*—Mechanical transport of the Frontier Districts Desert Patrol seen on one of the plastic highways

THEY are building roads in Egypt at the rate of a mile and a quarter a day. The savage deserts of the west, which swallowed the 40,000 men of Cambyses's army and left not a man to tell the tale, and the arid bitter wastes of Sinai, which took the Israelites 40 years to cross, are being linked by a system of desert roads which will enable troops to be rushed from Palestine across Sinai and lower Egypt to the Libyan frontier in 24 hours.

These roads were begun in May. Some will be finished in November. They are a triumph of engineering unparalleled in the world history of the making of highways.

Not long since, I camped in the western desert with a long, thin, humorous-eyed man, who is the father of these roads. He is a very modest man, shy as a school-boy when you ask him about his work. He was much more anxious to show me the teeming thousands of wild duck and waders on the vast lakes of the Wadi Natrun—the shooting grounds which the Egyptian State Tourist Bureau has just thrown open to the visiting sportsman—than he was to talk about that straight, shiny, black sword of roadway which cuts the desert like a whip from Cairo to Alexandria. It passes within three or four kilometres of this great 50,000-acre paradise of game and wildfowl.

But Llewelyn, the very remarkable man who made the road, wanted to show me the great reed beds where Prince Omar Toussoun shot the last wild boar in Egypt a few years ago. He wanted to motor me in a desert car over mile on mile of wave-like sands and blistered rock in order to show me leopards in a scorched and blackened depression, whose name and whereabouts is my own secret. For I am going to get one of those leopards next year and I do not mean to be forestalled.

I dug a hole in the desert sand under a white moon and sat out all night within sight of the staring, mysterious walls of a Coptic monastery which has ridden the desert waves like a ship for 1,000 years.

And as I sat there in my sandy hole, a 12-bore loaded with buckshot across my knees, the musty stink of a dead donkey acrid on the sweet night air, and waited for the wolves which the carcass was to bring, I saw, faint and far across the desert, the thin white streak of a motor car's headlights cutting the sky like a searchlight. And suddenly in that immense and silent world, the white monastery brooding in the moonlight, its black windows gazing unseeingly like eyes of the dead; the desert wind cool and dryly sharp on my cheek; the slinking feet of wolves rustling in the sand somewhere out there in the half-light; it seemed utterly fantastic that here, in the centuries-old quiet of the desert night, in a country slumbering with its dead dreams of Cleopatra and vanished Pharaohs, there should be such a night vision as the headlights of a Rolls-Royce sweeping towards Cairo at 80 m.p.h.

Three kilometres away from my gun-pit, lonely with the wind and the sneaking wolves, a man lay sleeping within sight of the road he had fathered. He could not be bothered to come out and shoot wolves, and still less to talk about his road.

You see, they had no roads in Egypt. For thousands of years the Nile was the highway, the camel routes were the side roads, and the ass tracks were the field paths.

We suffered from that lack of roads during the last war. The Turks hammered at us in Sinai. The Senussi pin-pricked us from Libya. True, the Duke of Westminster cut a dashing figure against them with his flying squads of desert cars. But desert cars were not enough. Roads were needed for transport of infantry, guns, stores, ammunition, and the rest. So we threw a metalled road of a sort between Ismailia and Port Said. We made another road of wire netting across the sand in the north of Sinai to Palestine. It was good enough for foot soldiers and light cars—but only just.

West of Alexandria the British Army cleared a rough track to Mersa Matruh, the Deauville of Cleopatra's day and now a sea-cum-desert base of the British and Egyptian armies. They carried the track farther west to Sollum, on the Libyan frontier. But these were all the roads we had to fight on. And they were not good roads.

Not much was done after the war. True, they built a road from Cairo to Suez and some sort of a track was made from Suez to Auja, on the Palestine frontier. But it was a bumpy, dusty, pestiferous route, overblown by sand, pock-marked with holes.

Then came 1935, when Italy persuaded herself and some little part of the rest of the world, that she was cock of the sea in the Mediterranean and cock of the walk in Abyssinia. So there was a loud cry for a good troop-carrying road to link Alexandria with Cairo. All the conservatives wanted to build a stone road. They had a Roman vision. But it would have taken years to build and cost cartloads of money. It would have needed 3,000 tons of stone for every kilometre of road constructed. The difficulties and volume of transport thus required are staggering to contemplate.

This is where my long, thin friend, Mr. Llewelyn, stepped in. He argued to himself that it would be easier to lay a plastic mat in a straight strip across the desert than it would be solemnly to plug in ton after ton of stone, which sooner or later would require a resilient surface on top of it. So he invented a monstrous machine which looks like a cross between a tank and an American harvester. Its function is to impregnate the sand on the spot with a bitumen waste product of oil. The mixture gurgles out like marzipan. That indeed is what Llewelyn calls it.

So with gangs of native labourers clearing, sweeping, and levelling a track across the desert the great motor mixers trundled slowly forward spilling out their streams of steaming marzipan. As it cooled it bit into the sand, bound it together in a firm, elastic tensile strip. It made a road as it moved. And they called it the "Mix-in-place" method.

It built a road whose surface is, I suppose, nowhere more than about 2 ins. thick, but which will carry cars at 80 m.p.h. You can leave Alexandria after breakfast and be in Cairo in time for lunch. I have seen tanks hauling guns in a long line along that road at 30 m.p.h. And the cost for 136 kilometres was £63,000. The little bit near Amrieh, where there is plenty of stone on the spot, cost £1,030 per kilometre. Now if they had laid the whole road on a stone foundation with a resilient stone-asphalt wearing course, the road would have cost not less than £140,000. If it had been laid in cement-concrete it would have cost more than £250,000.

It is estimated that the life of a mix-in-place road, under proper maintenance, is seven and a half years, as compared with fifteen years for a bituminous macadam road and twenty years for a cement-concrete road.

The comparative costs, including capital depreciation, annual maintenance, and partial reconstruction after the above-mentioned periods are, respectively £20,750 for the mix-in-place road, £23,450 for the bituminous macadam road, and £33,250 for the cement-concrete road.

It is claimed for the mix-in-place method that whereas mistakes made in concrete usually mean total loss, a mix-in-place road, if it is broken up by shell fire or other agencies, can be re-mixed and relaid at only 20 per cent. of the original cost.

Moreover, if traffic is too intense for the proper maintenance of the surface shape of a mix-in-place road, this can be assisted by leaving spare mixture to make up the subsidences instead of reshaping, and it can be finally rectified by a three to four centimetre coat of pre-coated stone chippings, which then renders the surface suitable to ordinary cart traffic.

So much for the Cairo–Alexandria desert road which was hailed as one of the greatest boons to Egypt in modern times. They built another road on the same principle from Cairo to the Fayoum, that vast oasis of 250,000 acres which a Pharaoh created when he dug Joseph's Canal and made the desert bloom.

I went by that road when I travelled to shoot duck and hunt wolves on the savage western shores of the enchanted lake of Karoun.

And when I stopped the car and got out to stare at the sudden, unbelievable mirage of a vast lake, hung between sand and sky, its waters still and shining, islands tufted by palm trees, white beaches shining in the sun, red desert hills stepping steeply down into its waters, the sing-song voice of Shafi el Ghabry, my Arab shikari, said smoothly at my elbow:

"Few years ago, sare, no road here. All Arab peoples go by Fayoum on camel's back — maybe donkey. Camels take two days, donkeys take three—peoples sleeping by the sand at nights. Then King Fuad go by Fayoum himself and Government make road. So now we go Fayoum by motor car in two hours—all this business of the King, sare."

I agreed that the late King Fuad was indeed a great man and that the progresses of kings left good legacies for common people. But it seemed to me that my long friend Llewelyn got precious little credit in Arab eyes.

To-day, the virtues of those experiments of three or four years ago are being put to quick and vastly extended use. Egypt, awake to the vitally strategic importance of her position—the keystone between east and west — has decided to build more roads. So they have shelved that part of the treaty programme which said that the English troops were to be transferred from Cairo to the canal zone. Egypt had agreed to build new barracks for them by the canal, to lay out military roads, to put down parade grounds, even parks and gardens.

As Mohamed Mahmud Pasha, the quick-eyed, tight-built, alert Prime Minister, said to me, wryly:—

"Your army will have barracks like this Abdin Palace where we now sit. But our Egyptian army will sleep on the sand and fight on a handful of dates. They are like that."

(Continued on page 188)

LIBYA : LAND OF FORTS, FLYING FIELDS, AND PETROL PUMPS

AN AIR-MINDED COLONY: Wherever the traveller chances to go in Italy's north African colony he will see posts such as this, which indicate to the airman that he can land in safety. The wind cone helps him to come down in the correct direction. It may almost be said that Libya is governed from the air, to such an extent are planes used in the administration of the country by Marshal Balbo and his colleagues

ITALIAN TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH AN OASIS on the way to take station in the desert. The strength of Italy's forces in Libya remains something of a mystery, but last February the *Manchester Guardian* indicated that the colony had 62,000 men as compared with the 100,000 France was said to have in neighbouring Tunisia

WHERE LIBYA JOINS THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN: Two car caravans meet on the sandy desert road and their crews, doubtless weary of their own company, halt to exchange greetings and news from the places whence they have come. This is a proscribed military zone and traders who pass along the route have to be armed with the fullest identification papers

RISING ABOVE THE SANDY WASTES OF CENTRAL LIBYA is the desert fort of Nufilia, which dates from the years of fighting between the Italians and the Arabs. To-day Nufilia is not of outstanding strategic importance, but the Italo-Arabian school established there is doing much to bring Muslim thought into line with Italian colonial aspirations. A religious brotherhood for Muslims has also been set up at Nufilia and is flourishing

DOMINATINGLY SITUATED is the desert fort of Sebha, which lies on the southern frontier, and by all accounts is very strongly garrisoned. In the event of war a break-through in this region might be anticipated

750 MILES FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN is the fort of Um el Abit and there columns going into the Sudan replenish their stores and petrol supplies. A driver is seen engaged in refuelling. The isolated pump presents a rather incongruous appearance

FORTS, flying fields, and petrol pumps almost inevitably strike the traveller as predominant characteristics of Libya, Italy's north African colony, which she is now trying so hard to develop.

It was in September, 1911, that Italy invaded Tripoli, then in Turkish possession, and drove out the Turkish and Arab forces. On November 5 of the same year she formally annexed the country and by the Treaty of Ouchy, signed in October of the following year, Italy's sovereignty over all Libya was recognised by the Porte.

Whether or not Italy has derived any great benefits from the possession of this rather barren tract of territory is a moot point, but she seems determined to colonise it, and has for some time past been putting into practice the most grandiose plans of mass settlement.

On October 29 last year, it may be remembered, 1,900 families, comprising about 20,000 people, sailed from Italy simultaneously in order to take up residence on the small holdings that had been prepared for them by the Blackshirt pioneers. When they arrived at their new homes they found them fully ready for occupation and even the larders were well stocked.

The initiator of the scheme was Marshal Italo Balbo, Libya's energetic Governor, who for some years now has also been engaged in strengthening the defences of the colony, particularly along the border facing Tunis. He has also supervised the building of the great strategic road that runs right along the coast from the Tunisian boundary to the Egyptian boundary.

Since last year the four provinces of Libya—Tripoli, Miserati, Benghasi, and Derna—have been included in the national territory of Italy by decree of the Fascist Grand Council.

ON THE GREAT LIBYAN MILITARY ROAD, that stretches from the Tunisian border to the Egyptian border, petrol pumps such as this are to be found situated at intervals of sixteen miles

IN THE SHADOW OF FORT NUFILIA this wealthy pastoralist, owning 5,000 sheep and hundreds of camels, has pitched his shabby tent. His son visits the fort and is learning Italian

LET JOY BE UNCONFINED: When the monsoon breaks over India in June (beginning officially on the seventh of the month, though, of course, nature seldom conforms to that arbitrary date) the whole sub-Continent breathes a sigh of relief and what a pleasure it is for the women-folk to fill their water pots in a running river that swiftly courses where only a few hours before was a chain of stagnant pools. As for the boys living in the river-side towns, they enjoy themselves to the full, diving into the swift current and battling against it to regain the shore

IN MONSOON TIME the lush grass of the fields is very heaven to the water-buffalo and when the rivers are full it does not mind in the least if its back is used as a springboard by one of the energetic herd boys. "As long as the rains rain every day it is at peace with its environment, everything in the garden is lovely"

WHEN THE MONSOON BREAKS

India Breathes Anew and Youth Disports in the Rushing Rivers

THE caravaner, the 'tin-can tourist,' who wanders about India in a camp-car, is apt to have more pains than pleasures during the monsoon. But these need not make him view with a jaundiced eye the delights which the rains bring to others. He may even find some consolation by illustrating the items of happiness which the monsoon offers.

To the water-buffalo, for instance, the monsoon is evidently pure joy. When rivers and tanks are full and the wet fields and water-logged roads invite to the pleasures of the bath, he is at peace with his environment. For him everything in the garden is lovely as long as the rains rain every day.

The buffalo herd-boys share in the pleasures of the herd. They are usually healthy youngsters, grown sleek and strong with all the buffalo milk and curd that are their staple food and from the years of play in sun and water—play that has had the advantage of being at the same time part of their job.

The young buffalo herds are not the only water lovers. Most boys who live in Indian riverside towns during the monsoon, when the bathing season is in full swing, spend a good deal of time letting the current whirl them down-stream; scrambling out they race back along the bank to jump in again and again. There are, of course, always a number of days when the force of the flood puts such river sports out of bounds—except perhaps for one or two wandering sadhus. These last are often very expert swimmers, as they usually spend a good deal of their lives beside one sacred river or another, and their devotional attitude to these rivers gives them an all-in insurance in case of drowning.

The overhanging branches of a banyan make a good substitute for a diving board, and a gourd tied on securely takes the place of water-wings for the young.

So far I have seen no little laughing girls whirling through the foaming water with gourds or kerosene tins tied round them. When as many girls as boys are to be seen enjoying the monsoon pleasures which the rivers offer, it will be a sign that a considerable addition has been made to the sum of human happiness in India.

Stan Harding

YOUNG INDIA AT PLAY: To see youth disporting in the water during monsoon-time is to see India at its happiest. Those who cannot swim often attach a gourd or tin to their backs in order to keep themselves afloat. They delight to let the current whirl them down-stream and then scramble ashore, run back to their original starting point, and repeat the process all over again

FROM SLUGGISH STREAM . . .

Two contrasting pictures that show the effect of the monsoon. A tiny channel of heavily chlorinated water in the middle of its quarter of a mile wide bed is suddenly transformed by the first monsoon shower into a rushing torrent. Before many days have gone by the torrent will have become a broad, fast-flowing river, many times this width

TO RUSHING TORRENT

NATURE IN TURBULENT MOOD: Ski runners descending the Gorner Glacier above Zermatt as the sun appears through the clouds of wind-driven snow on Monte Rosa and proclaims that the blizzard is drawing to a close. This picture, in common with the others on the page, was taken by Frank Smythe, the noted climber

A SOUTH-WEST WIND POURING UP FROM ITALY has formed storm clouds on the ridges of the Zermatt Breithorn and the mountain folk know at once that a blizzard is imminent. Storms gather with the most remarkable rapidity in the Alps and many a mountaineer has had to pay the penalty of being an indifferent weather prophet

THE CLOUDS THICKEN OVER MONTE ROSA and the wind rises on the Glacier. Another spectacular picture taken during an Alpine blizzard

A BLIZZARD IN THE HIGH ALPS

Pictured By Frank Smythe

Mr. Frank Smythe, who took the three remarkable pictures on this page, is one of the greatest of our present-day mountaineers and, quite apart from his efforts on Everest, has to his credit a number of Himalayan climbs of incredible difficulty. Mr. Smythe's book, The Spirit of the Hills, *attracted much attention when it was published a few years ago, explaining as it did the attitude of the mountaineer towards his self-imposed mission*

BRITISH BOMBERS OVER FRANCE: Exclusive "Sphere" Pictures of the Momentous Formation Flight

BRITISH AIR POWER SPREADS ITS MIGHTY WINGS OVER THE AIR SPACE OF A NEIGHBOUR NATION: Vickers Wellington bombers and, below them, Handley Page Hampden bombers flying over wooded country outside Paris as they manœuvred into position before taking part in the great fly-past above the Champs Elysées on Bastille Day. Flights over France by large R.A.F. formations are from now on to be a feature of training, their usefulness being highly regarded in that they provide the crews with a chance to navigate over unfamiliar terrain in conditions approximating to those likely to be encountered on active service

STREAKING ACROSS THE CHEQUER BOARD OF NORTHERN FRANCE: Wellington bombers seen in silhouette as they manœuvred in the vicinity of Paris before taking part in the fly-past on Bastille Day. The French crowds were deeply impressed by our machines and there is no doubt that the series of training flights that has now been started is lending fuller confidence to the French nation. Between now and the autumn many of the British machines are likely to fly as far as the Mediterranean coast, at the same time carrying war loads as a test of efficiency. The better to simulate war conditions, the pilots and crews act under sealed orders

VICKERS WELLINGTON BOMBERS FLY ABOVE THE SEINE: Another impressive picture in this series which is being published exclusively by "The Sphere." The Wellingtons have the longest range of any craft in the Royal Air Force, being able to cover 3 240 miles non-stop and then return to their bases. They are powered by two Bristol Pegasus air-cooled engines and undoubtedly represent a distinct advance on the Wellesleys which, it may be remembered, flew non-stop last year from Egypt to Australia, thus smashing the world long-distance record. The Wellingtons are already in service in the Royal Air Force in considerable numbers

Exclusive pictures by Charles E. Brown

SHADOW MARKINGS OF BROWN AND GREEN PROVIDE EFFECTIVE CAMOUFLAGE on these Vickers Wellington and Handley Page Hampden bombers which are seen as they flew over France. On their first training flight across the Channel the Hampdens left their bases in the Midlands at breakfast time and by lunch they were all safely back home, having flown more than 1,200 miles. They crossed the Channel to Le Havre, set course south-west for Bordeaux by way of Saumur, then turned northwards, passing over Angers and Caen. The Hampden has a shorter range than the Wellington, but it is remarkable in that it can carry 3 tons of military load

FRANCE IS READY TO HOLD HER OWN : Big Preparations in the Eastern Region

GUNS IN THE STREETS OF FRONVILLE : Heavy pieces of artillery drawn up in a village of the Haute-Marne lying between Chaumont and Joinville. A picture that epitomises the intense military activity that is now taking place throughout the length and breadth of France with a view to making it plain that any German breach of the peace will be taken as a challenge. France has never been more determined than she is to-day, and there is no doubt that she has been much encouraged by her recent glimpses of British aerial strength during the mass formation flights of the Wellington bombers

TANKS, BEWARE ! This great barrier of steel girders, each of which is buried deep into the ground, stretches for many miles across the orchards and fields of the Haute-Marne, representing one of many supplementary lines of defence against any mechanised forces that might pierce the well-nigh impregnable Maginot line. France herself, it seems, is beginning to doubt the efficacy of too much mechanisation and the present interest of her military authorities in the cavalry may well be an indication of the fact that stalemate between opposing forces is a distinct possibility in highly mechanised warfare

CRICKET IN AN IDYLLIC SETTING: The Australians playing a match against the county at Worcester, which possesses one of the most beautiful grounds in England. It is only on rare occasions that the ground is as full as this and, as in any other game, the attendance fluctuates with the fortunes of the team

BALANCING THE CRICKET BUDGET

The Financial Side of Britain's Summer Game is Really a Tremendous Gamble in which Weather and Injury Lay the Odds

By NOEL THOMPSON

"COMIC opera cricket," says the member as he settles himself more comfortably into his seat in the pavilion. "That's what I like to see, a good swipe and damn the risk," says Mr. Shilling-at-the-Turnstile, as a ball flies over slips' heads and hits the boundary boards with a pleasant thud. Well, who pays for the cricket, the member or the public? The man who likes the classic or the man who is satisfied with plenty of the lowbrow?

The answer is, taking an average of the counties, fifty-fifty. But whereas the member has the comfort of what is practically a club for his subscription the public takes its chance of wet or fine, of excitement or dullness, often of discomfort. And while the rarified amateurs play for the love, glory, or (publish it not in Gath) the influence in business which may accrue to them through the game, the professionals earn — what? And how do the counties keep going?

Those grand fellows, the pros, in a first-class county may get between £450 and £500 a year. In the smaller counties, that is smaller by gate and not necessarily in area, they will be paid upwards from £300. There should really be a union for professional cricketers, because there is no transfer system comparable to Association Football, and you cannot help where you are born. And the system of payment varies so much that I can only pick out the three main ways.

County A will say "we want you for so much a week from April till the middle of September." County B will say "we will pay you so much a week for the same period (very much less) and pay you match money in addition," which means whenever they play for the first team. County C will say "our bonuses will make it up to you." And those bonuses vary. In the north they like to pay so much for fifty runs, or for five wickets, usually £1, and there may be a collection from the public as well.

A RED-LETTER DAY FOR THE TURNSTILES: McCabe, of Australia, batting during the fifth Test match at the Oval last year when takings grossed £19,207. Of this the Board of Control received over £9,000, which was in due course distributed among the various counties. But for this big bonus some of the county executives might be hard put to it to keep things going

Other counties pay a bonus at the end of the season for good work, while a third, and in the last four years very popular, system is to ask the captain after each match to give a point to good performers.

It may be for thirty on a sticky wicket; or three valuable wickets on a "shirt front" pitch, or (here is the advantage) for brilliant fielding. Those points are totted up at the end and are worth anything between £1 and £3 a point when the winter comes. Really it boils down to a tremendous gamble in which weather and injury lay the odds. And the poor secretary of the county has to balance his account sheets, satisfy the members who want a new bar or general redecorations, provide better accommodation for the public, and keep the committee up to scratch. And this committee problem is not the least of his worries.

No names, no packdrill, but I have a list in front of me. Surely all of them cannot have watertight excuses.

A former captain did fairly well by attending two meetings out of five, but an English captain recorded none out of thirteen.

A busy judge notched up three out of eight meetings but an airy accountant in the city did not attend one out of a similar number. This was in only one county, but I have heard complaints from other secretaries.

Before turning to the actual finance, of the type the public never hears about, let me put it on record that the umpires are paid by the home team in every case. For a mid-week match they receive £9 10s., and pay all their travelling and other expenses. A week-end match brings them £10 10s.—in other words, £1 for their hotel and food on a Sunday. They are appointed by the M.C.C.

First of all, the home side take all the gate, but pay for the food of the visiting side. The latter, however, pay travelling expenses, which are pretty heavy. And the minimum number of championship matches is twelve at home and twelve away. The expenses of a visiting team vary very little, whether they are leaders in the league or only small fry. But the gates vary enormously.

Again, it would be unfair to mention the counties concerned, but I see that one visiting county brought in on three full days' play around £250. A fortnight later a neighbouring county poured well over £1,000 into the till.

But let us look at the accounts for Surrey, who are in a fortunate position by having the Oval as their ground, and that is a Test match ground. Last year the receipts for matches brought in £34,866, a figure which must make the smaller counties' mouths water. Included in this were two matches against the Australians (£3,734) and a Test match which produced a gross £19,207. Of this last figure the Australian share was £5,095 and the Board of Control took £9,484. To this add expenses of £4,628.

Surrey's return from the Board of Control was actually £3,345.

Of course, the M.C.C. make a grant to counties from the profits of any tour we make abroad. In the case of the last Australian tour it was £400. While, as I say, receipts from matches were £34,866, expenditure was £26,978. Where do other county receipts come from? Members at 2, 3, or 4 guineas a season, and concessions, which can mount up astonishingly. For instance, the catering concession—at the Oval it is £300 and probably very good value for money indeed. Then there are the rights to sell newspapers, a fee from the press agencies, and also photographic rights. Add advertising rights and you get well over £1,000. If you print your own score cards there may, in the bigger grounds, be another £1,000 profit there.

But the expenditure is fascinating, too. Second elevens have to be kept up, and one balance sheet I examined has two items for luncheons and refreshments (£673) and another for nets, balls, gloves, caps for £199, which make a big hole in £1,000. Rents, rates, taxes, and insurance can be counted at about £3,000, while entertainment tax will be in the neighbourhood of £1,000 on any big ground.

I have seen a bill for over £100 for water alone, and an equal sum for seed. Add groundsmen's wages, manure, turf, mowers, etc., and precious little is left out of £2,000. Hire, or upkeep of horse for a roller at £5 is probably one of the cheapest items of all.

Then we have to add the constant improvements, and such details which are overlooked often, as general expenses, which include secretary's salary, general wages, printing, telegrams, telephones, gas, light, towels, sponges, banquets, and—very important—medical expenses away from the ground (one county spent over £120 on medical expenses alone last year) and you have another sum of between £3,000 and £5,000 going out.

There is the sad story, too, of the cricketers, many of them of international fame, who fall on evil days, or maybe it is their widows. Most counties like to try and look after them, 50 guineas here, 10s. a week there, and donations to benefits and testimonial funds, even of members of other county teams—these vary from £2 to £5. But it all mounts up.

So that when the year comes to an end a county secretary is very glad to see the figures tot up and balance. If there is something on the right side, he can meet his committee with a clear conscience and a sense of real satisfaction.

I asked Mr. A. F. Davey, the energetic Surrey secretary, what his prospects were for this year. In 1937 there was a profit of £1,058, and last year £4,612.

"Can't say until we see what the weather is," was his reply. But granted fair weather, with the increased interest in the national game, it looks as though fewer counties will be "in the red" when the 1939 balance sheet appears and that will mean a few less grey hairs—and we hope a little more comfort for the public who so nobly support the game. At the moment members' cheques and the turnstile clicks are running approximately equal. But the turnstiles are going to have the last word.

IN POLAND'S

PEASANT FOLK OF THE POLISH CORRIDOR: Kaszub people of Pomorze, the province which now forms a part of the much debated Polish Corridor and which, on being taken from Germany in 1919 in order to give Poland an outlet to the sea, had the effect of cutting off East Prussia from the rest of the German Reich. The Kaszubs are Catholics of Slav origin and are for the most part bitterly opposed to their German landlords

HE LIVED TO SEE POLAND'S RE-BIRTH: This tombstone near Gdynia commemorates a poor Kaszub fisherman, who, passionately fond of his country, went to Versailles in 1919 and pleaded with Lloyd George and Clemenceau

A KASZUB MOTHER AND CHILD: These peasant folk are typical of the Slavs inhabiting the Polish Corridor region of Pomorze. The Kaszubs have lived there for centuries and are very distinctly anti-German

MARKING THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN GERMAN POMERANIA AND POLISH POMORZE: A stone set up on the frontier to indicate the division agreed upon at the Versailles Conference. Those responsible for the division attempted to work as far as possible on ethnographical lines. It was a task of immense difficulty

A POLISH CUSTOMS POST at a point of entry from the Free Territory of Danzig to Poland proper. There has been much trouble at these customs posts during recent months and it has become increasingly clear that the predominantly German population of Danzig has been creating incidents for the purposes of propaganda

CORRIDOR PROVINCES: The Land That Prussia Annexed in the 18th Century and Poland Regained Following the Great War

A PEASANT HOME IN THE POMORZE, the Corridor area which Poland's Foreign Minister has so stoutly maintained to be essentially Polish. To-day the whole of the Pomorze and the province of Poznan, which lies to the south, have large garrisons and a constant watch is kept upon the German frontier

NAZI EMBARGO: This procession of the Holy Virgin of Orlova, in which devout Polish Roman Catholics have been wont to take part for centuries, was interrupted this year by the German authorities in the Free Territory of Danzig who refused to allow the Poles to take the figure of the Virgin across the frontier to the Polish shrine of Wejherowo. In the end the Poles marched, but carried instead a figure of the Holy Virgin taken from a wayside church

435.5 KILOMETRES TO BERLIN AND 13.5 KILOMETRES TO MARIENBURG: A signpost lying within the Free Territory of Danzig and pointing the way west to the German capital and east to a town in the Allenstein region in the southern half of East Prussia. It was originally intended at Versailles that the Allenstein should become Polish, but in the end wiser counsels prevailed and on July, 1920, it was finally confirmed as the property of Germany

WHERE POLISH POMORZE AND THE FREE TERRITORY OF DANZIG MEET: The frontier port of Tczew near which a serious incident took place last week when a Polish customs officer was killed by Danzig Nazis. There seems to have been little doubt that the customs officer was shot on Polish soil

SCENE OF INTENSE MILITARY ACTIVITY: This is the frontier town of Chognice. It lies in the Corridor province of Poznan and within a few miles of the German border. In these tense days it is heavily guarded in common with all towns that face the Reich

Through the greed of her neighbours Poland vanished from the map of Europe towards the close of the eighteenth century, but a century and a quarter later there dawned a new day for the nation as, phoenix-like, it rose from the flames and ashes of the great war.

At Versailles the boundaries of the new Poland were drawn up, with a slice taken here and a slice taken there from neighbouring territories.

As all the world knows, the most outstanding provision was the creation of the Polish Corridor, giving the re-born country access to the Baltic, but at the same time cutting off East Prussia from the rest of Germany and necessitating the transformation of predominantly German Danzig into a Free Territory supervised by the League.

Life both in the Danzig Free Territory and in the Corridor is to-day marked by unceasing tension and it is now expected that a settlement of the whole question will probably be made, but, says Poland, not on Germany's usual terms

JACK JACKSON HONOURED: Last week the noted band leader, who has been appearing at Southport, flew down from the north in order to conduct his orchestra at the ball given at Buckingham Palace in honour of the visit of Prince and Princess Paul of Yugoslavia

On Stage and Screen

DOROTHY SAYERS PROVES AT HOME IN THE THEATRE

"The Devil to Pay" Well Received at His Majesty's : "Petrouchka" Presented at Covent Garden—a Ballet Requiring Perfect Handling

By PHILIP PAGE

POSSIBLY the most popular of all ballets, *Petrouchka* was revived at Covent Garden last week. It will, I think, never wear otherwise than well, but it requires perfect handling, not only in the matter of the principal performers but in every detail of the crowd work. This it receives from the present company, who give it (in spite of some roughish orchestral playing) in a manner worthy of Fokine's masterpiece of choreography.

The genius of Fokine is apparent when it is realised that *Petrouchka* was the talk of the artistic world before a good many of the younger balletomanes who are now haunting Covent Garden (many with beards) were born, and that his latest creation of a few weeks ago, *Paganini*, is considered by the discerning to be on the same high level. Musically I prefer *Paganini*, but Stravinsky in *Petrouchka* is diabolically ingenious.

I had not before seen Mlle Riabouchinska as the dancing doll. She was exquisite, and a worthy successor to a long line of great dancers in that part (Karsavina was, I think, the first). Being a clever little actress, she deliberately held back some of her natural grace in order to produce the mechanics of a puppet, and her staring, doll-like eyes and utter lack of expression were dead right. M. Lazovsky was the pathetic Petrouchka and M. Alonso the nasty nigger with the coconut. Both good.

Le Fils Prodigue was also in the programme. Almost was I persuaded to find this ballet tolerable by reason of the fine dancing of Mlle Osato as the Siren. But not quite. Mlle Osato, however, gave a notable performance in the first role she has had as yet which has enabled her really to show her powers. She has been a useful member of the company for some time and has an extraordinarily vivid personality as well as beauty of an uncommon type, for she has Japanese blood, though she is slim, graceful and, for one of her race, on the tallish side. I would like to see her in a classic role in *Les Sylphides* or *Aurora's Wedding*.

The present season is now drawing to an end. It is abundantly successful and money has had to be turned away from the huge theatre at nearly every performance. I hear that a short season of ballet may be given here in September by the *other* Russian Ballet company, some members of which are already in London. Mlle Danilova was in the stalls for *Le Coq d'Or* the other night.

RETNA MOHINI

RAM GOPAL

Retna Mohini, the lovely Javanese court dancer, and Ram Gopal, the twenty-one-year-old Indian dancer, who are appearing together for a short season at the Aldwych Theatre. Ram Gopal, who has just completed a long world tour, has been hailed by New York critics as the Indian Nijinsky

"Hostages" (Film).—I find that over two years ago in these columns I was extolling the French films, not only for their entertainment qualities, but for their intelligence. Why are French films so good? I will quote Mr. Campbell Dixon, who, like French films, is intelligent. "The answer is so simple that on this side of the Channel it will be treated with the contempt it deserves. French films are made by intelligent people, with intelligent people, for intelligent people. We have, of course, plenty of intelligent people in the British film industry too; but they are mostly employed in turning out entertainment for children, and not very bright children either. These are supposed to be the British public."

One of the greatest mistakes made by purveyors of entertainment in this country is the assumption that the public are semi-imbecile. Any suggestion that does not fall in with this assumption is immediately labelled "high-brow" and dismissed as an uncommercial absurdity. Because if you provide tripish films plenty of people will flock to see them, it is argued that tripe is justified, and that to put non-tripe in its place would be asking for disaster.

The mind which thinks in this way does not seem to realise that it may be that those vast numbers of people swallow tripe because nothing better is provided, and that if the fare were changed for the better the attendance would be still more vast. And it is not only the film people who fall into this error of underestimating the mental standard of their supporters. Certain popular newspapers, content with a large circulation, tend to ignore anything that savours of culture, education, or an appreciation of the fine arts. Their circulation would be even larger if they did not.

Culture is a word which is apt to give an attack of the jitters to people of a certain type with their eye on popular appeal. Having none themselves, they cannot bring themselves to believe that anyone else could possibly possess it. The French, as a race, are neither more cultured nor more intelligent than the English, though they are slightly more civilised and understand far, far better the art of living. But they are more fortunate than we are in not being underrated, intellectually, by those in a position to provide them with entertainment, literary or otherwise. And particularly is this applicable to their films.

Which brings me to *Hostages*, at the new Paris Cinema in Lower Regent Street. It is not a masterpiece. There is nothing "super" about it—certainly not as regards its cost, for it seems that no economy has been spared. But of its type it is quite perfect and, above all, it is *intelligent*. Its story, with tragedy and comedy intermingled, is of a French village in peace and, with the coming of the Germans, in war. It is admirably acted, written, and produced. It is essentially for adults, not because of any outspoken sex element, which it does not contain, but in the sense that it is for people with grown-up minds.

"The Devil to Pay."—With rather fascinating originality, Miss Dorothy Sayers flits from theology to thrillers and back again. I was vastly impressed by her Canterbury Cathedral drama, *Zeal of Thy House*, which had a fair run at the Westminster, and she has followed it up with *The Devil to Pay*. This has reached His Majesty's Theatre via the Chapter House at Canterbury—a provincial trying-it-on-the-dog (though that is perhaps hardly the way to put it) of a truly novel type.

In this case Miss Sayers has taken the *Faust* legend as a basis, but has played variations on it that are wholly her own, and here it bears scarcely any resemblance to, say, Gounod's opera. The romantic aspect is well in the background, and Faust himself is far less concerned with the love for any possible Marguerite than with the woes of the world as he found it.

But I cannot do better than allow Miss Sayers to put her case in her own words:—"Faustus, the sensitive and impatient humanist, now as then sells his soul to the Devil. No longer for knowledge and power—for he comes to despair of them—but for a way of escape from the burden of self-consciousness. Yet the knowledge of good and evil, once gained, can never be renounced with impunity; the wheel of time cannot be turned back; the luring phantasy of primal innocence only makes Faustus, still more surely, a tool in the Devil's hand. Waked from his golden dream, he goes 'to find reality' and to be faced with the final, ineluctable choice between the evil and the good.

"The drama is played, exactly as it might have been played 400 years ago, in the medieval stage-setting which took the whole spiritual and physical universe as its province. Its 'Mansions' (representing Wittenberg, Rome, Innsbrück) open their doors upon this world, and are set permanently between the everlasting opposites of Hell and Heaven.

"Mephistopheles, too, is the Devil as the Ages of Faith saw him—at once evil and grotesque, miserable and triumphant, fascinating and abominable, the cheater and the cheated, the jester and the laughing-stock of eternity."

So now you know. The production itself is as queer as the medieval mystery plays which it is fantastically (or, as Miss Sayers would write, phantastically) intended to echo. The mouth of Hell is represented by the jaws of a huge cod-fish—not a real cod-fish but a "cod" cod-fish—and a good deal of imagination has to be conjured up in order to picture that one scene, which remains unchanged throughout, as Faust's study, Heaven, the Court of the Emperor, a street in Rome, and so forth. Faust is himself described in the programme as a conjuror, the spelling is important; he does not produce live rabbits out of a top hat. But he does produce the Devil out of that fish's mouth. And then the fun begins. It is real fun since this Devil is a sprightly fellow and a bit of a comedian, in which vein Mr. Frank Napier plays him superbly, and with a flow of high spirits from first to last.

Mr. Harcourt Williams, who has had the difficult job of producing this quaint affair, is a human and sincere Faust, who knows how to give full flavour to Miss Sayers's more resplendent phrases, which are often very fine indeed. Mr. Fisher White, a famous figure at His Majesty's in the Tree regime, made a brief but eloquent appearance as His Holiness the Pope.

The feminine element in the cast was on the weak side—they did not worry much about that in the Middle Ages—but a word should be said for the really beautiful unaccompanied singing of music which could not have been more appropriate.

PERSONALIA

AN INFLUENTIAL FIGURE FROM FAR EASTERN EUROPE: M. Mouchanoff (left), Speaker of the Bulgarian Parliament, walking in London in company with his secretary. The principal object of his visit to England was to see Lord Halifax, Britain's Foreign Minister

WHITEHALL'S DISTINGUISHED RECRUIT: 53-year-old Sir George Gater, Clerk to the L.C.C., who has just been made Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies. He is seen here with his son Anthony whom he takes to school every day

HONEYMOONING IN LONDON are Mr. Myole Alderman, who arranges some of America's biggest radio programmes, and his wife, formerly Miss Ruth Etting, who was once the world's highest-paid woman radio star, earning an average of £40,000 a year. Miss Etting, it may be remembered, appeared on the London stage a few years ago

A MAN WITH A MISSION! Herr Wohltat (centre), noted German economist and trade negotiator, who was visiting London last week in his capacity as a German delegate to the International Whaling Conference. Watchful political writers refused to accept this as the sole reason for his visit, and last Monday his conversation with Mr. Hudson became known

PORTUGAL'S FOURTH ESTATERS VISIT ENGLAND: Members of the party of Portuguese journalists, who are touring the country with the object of studying British conditions, pictured on board the *Asturias* on arrival at Southampton. Portugal now lives under a dictatorship but it is of such a beneficent character that the Press enjoys considerable freedom

TO WED: Sir Basil Goulding, Bart, of County Dublin, with his bride-to-be, Miss Valerie Monckton, daughter of Sir Walter Monckton, K.C., Attorney-General of the Duchy of Cornwall

PARENTS OF ONE SMART GIRL! Meet Mr. and Mrs. Durbin, English-born parents of Deanna Durbin, the young Hollywood star. They are now on a holiday visit to England

ALICE MARBLE GOES HOME: The girl who aced Kay Stammers off the Centre Court at Wimbledon to win the Women's Singles title in quick time and then made a hit on the radio as a television singer, shakes hands with a hotel porter before leaving London for the United States

WITH ONE FOOT ON THE WHEEL, Mrs. Marion Rice Hart, member of a well-known American family, sailed into New York harbour earlier this month after completing a thrilling voyage of 1,040 days during which she and her crew of six men had called at no fewer than 101 ports

JULY BRIDES

THE WEDDING OF THE SEASON: Viscount Cowdray and his bride, Lady Anne Bridgeman, second surviving daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding at which the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Gloucester, and Princess Alice of Athlone were all present. Lady Anne wore a diamond tiara and a diamond necklace, the gifts of the bridegroom, and a gown of chalk-white satin

THE FRENCH ROBERT TAYLOR WEDS: Film star Henri Garat with his bride, the Countess Marie Tschernychev Besobrassov, after their marriage last week in Paris

A RADIANT BRIDE: Lady Anne Bridgeman watched by an admiring crowd as she left her home in Grosvenor Crescent for her wedding at St. Margaret's. Her chalk-white satin gown had a square-cut neckline and the drapery was caught in at the waistline, falling in folds to the ground. After the wedding a reception was held at 54, Mount Street

A MILITARY MARRIAGE: Mr. John Flood Bowman, Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bowman, of Seafield House, Mustley, Essex, and Miss Pamela Corrie Lindsay-Browne, only child of Captain L. Lindsay-Browne, of Sydney, Australia, leaving the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, after their wedding last week. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of ivory-tinted satin encrusted with pearls

NO PEACE FOR THE MARRIED: Viscount Cowdray and his bride facing a battery of cameras following their marriage which proved the most spectacular and one of the most largely attended of the summer season. In addition to the members of the Royal Family who attended, there were present the Belgian Ambassador and the Swiss Minister

THE POETRY OF MOTION: Indian antelope at Edinburgh Zoo welcoming a morning of sunshine with delighted bounds round their enclosure, one of them giving a most curious impression as, with body held horizontal, it seems to be walking on air. Their legs are so thin that it is a marvel how they generate such immense power

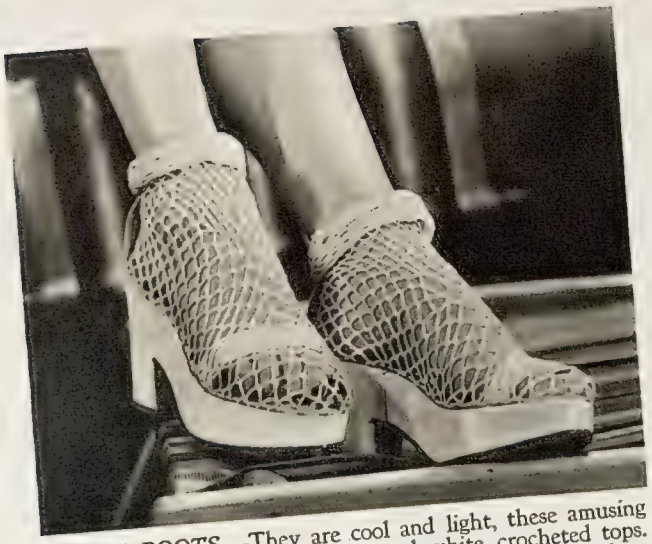
SOMETHING ON HER MIND! Sadie, the Arabian camel at London Zoo, certainly had the hump when this picture was taken as she trotted lugubriously around her enclosure

TISHY! Patience, the baby zebra, which was recently born to Jenny at London Zoo, got in rather a muddle with her long legs when she had her first outing. She is a fine specimen with very clearly defined markings

FACING A STRANGE NEW WORLD: The baby Grecian wild goat was only two days old when this picture was taken at London Zoo. It has its quarters on the Mappin Terrace. It belongs to the same type of wild goat which Homer refers to in connection with the Cyclops and Crete

ZOO NEWS

Pictures from the Edinburgh and London Gardens: A Zebra, a Camel, and a Goat Make Their Bow at Regent's Park



BEACH BOOTS.—They are cool and light, these amusing beach boots with platform soles and white crocheted tops. They are flatterers, too, because they partly hide the feet. You wear them with tailored shorts and with the new beach bloomers that are enjoying such a huge success

WAY DOWN SOUTH

STRIPED COAT.—If you like yourself in impeccably tailored clothes you will appreciate Maggy Rouff's beach outfit with the hip-length jacket striped in grey and white, worn with white shorts

MONKEY JACKET.—With your trimly straight shorts wear a monkey jacket, link fastened at the waist over a blouse of dark brown linen. White suits with dark tops are the big news this summer

PIQUE BOLERO.—Top your cotton evening frock with a brief bolero. Jacques Heim and Jacqmar have added to white piqué a corsage and bustle bow of stiffened taffeta striped in brilliant colours

SPORTS and PASTIMES: *Varied Outdoor Activities of the Month*

A WRISTY BUSINESS: *Left*—Mlle A. M. Jeanteur, who recently broke the European trout-fly record, and M. Godart, the world's champion caster both for distance and accuracy, preparing their fishing tackle at Ranelagh before taking part in the International Fly-Casting Championships. *Right*—Miss Jean Barry, the English record holder, demonstrating her skill during the Ranelagh contests. Angling in England has not been too good this summer, but conditions are improving

CRICKET HAS COME TO LIFE

Sporting Declarations Give a New Zest to the Languishing Summer Game

IF I make the assertion, as I do, that cricket in 1939, despite the unseasonable weather, has been a really jolly business, I hope that our horoscopically and numerologically-minded friends will not proceed to deduce therefrom any alarming indications of the certainty of war in August, or in September or on April 13, 1940. They are, I suppose, quite entitled to do so and I have no doubt that they are quite capable of doing so.

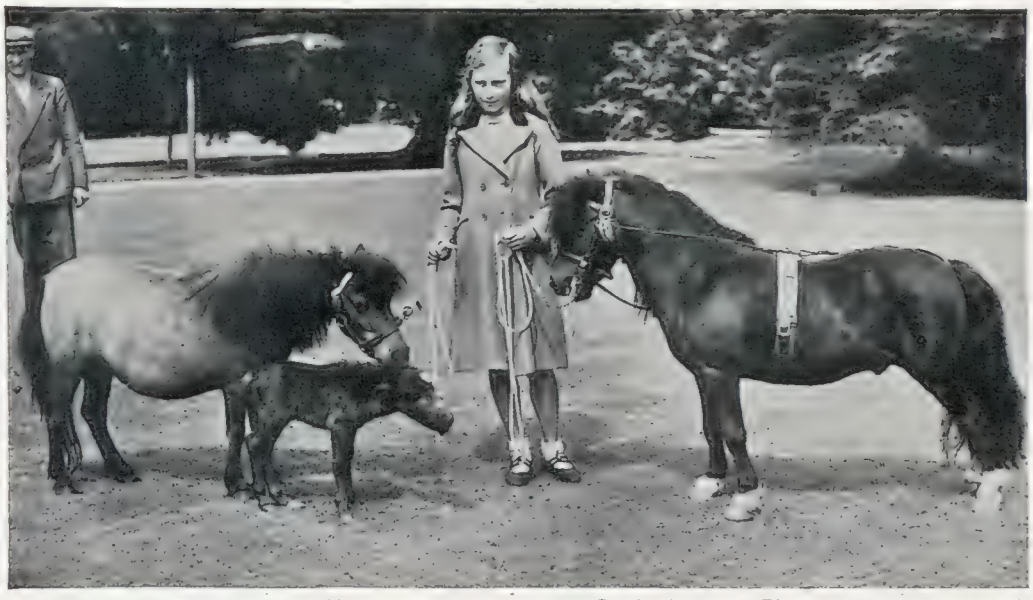
The fact remains that the M.C.C.'s recommendation in favour of less "beauty parlour" treatment of cricket pitches can be pronounced, on the evidence already available, to have achieved its purpose and to have given, by no means prematurely, a definite fillip to first-class cricket. Another innovation this summer has been the eight-ball over. The general opinion amongst players is that this has not made much difference one way or the other; spectators on the whole have welcomed it, bowlers have grinned and borne it, and umpires have, as a result, almost had to adjust their whole outlook on life and morals.

Considering first—as is only polite—our visitors from overseas, the West Indian side have been unlucky in that they have encountered far too many days in which it has been better fun to watch cricket, suitably sheltered, than to play it, if, indeed, such a heresy is conceivable to anyone under sixty. They have given us lots of fun and have proved themselves such good sportsmen that one need not hesitate to suggest that they themselves will acknowledge that they are not as good as the last lot that came here from the West Indies. (Now that I have said this, they will probably go and win all the rest of their matches, but I still think it's true.) I wonder whether Hollywood's influence is as paramount in the West Indies as elsewhere; I get the impression that the "stars" of this side tend to dim the rest of the cast.

As regards the County Championship, my impression of this season, so far as it has gone, is that most people, Yorkshiremen of course excepted, are not bothering so much about who is top of the table—this may be because most of us can't understand the mathematical niceties of the new system of reckoning points—as about brighter cricket, which we are certainly getting. Time and time again we have seen declarations made which give the other side a real sporting chance of getting the runs or of getting out in the attempt, a good practice which, one devoutly hopes, will not be discouraged by the thoughtlessness shown by several counties in making the runs, under these conditions, and so winning the points instead of "covering up" and achieving a mutually unsatisfactory draw. This is all to the good.

If we were living in Utopia we could ignore the question of gate-money and the resultant effects thereon of this brighter cricket. But as we are not living there, it need only be said that even the most curmudgeonly of spectators, voluntarily exposing himself to the most biting of north-east winds, cannot reasonably complain that he has not had his full money's worth in 1939.

Peejay



A STUDY IN THE DIMINUTIVE: Vim, a pedigree miniature Shetland pony, 17¼ ins. high, standing with his parents, Veda and Cheribino, at South Park, Bodiam, Sussex, where he has been bred by Lady Estella Hope, an aunt of the Viceroy of India. V.m is probably the smallest pure-bred Shetland

A GROWING SPORT: Seventy-one builders of model gliders, representing eight nations, have been competing at the Great West Aerodrome, Hayes, Middlesex, for the cup presented by King Peter of Yugoslavia. The members of the Swiss team are seen as they arrived to take part in the contests

DRIVERS ARE STILL TOO IGNORANT

A Knowledge of the Rudiments of the Laws of Gravity, of Mechanics, and Centrifugal Force Might Avert Many An Accident

THE new Minister of Transport has let it be known that he considers that only two per cent. of road accidents can be definitely attributed to the design or condition of the roads themselves. The House of Lords Select Committee were, however, of the opinion that the percentage was very much higher.

Better roads are definitely required and the sooner they are built the quicker will the number of road accidents be reduced. At the same time I must confess that some accidents which are attributed to inadequate road planning or conditions are definitely the fault of the driver. The human factor cannot be eliminated entirely.

I have remarked on previous occasions that it would definitely improve driving if some knowledge of the rudiments of the laws of gravity, mechanics, and centrifugal force were instilled into new drivers before they were passed out by the Ministry of Transport. At the present moment their examination consists chiefly of a knowledge of how to change gear and of the provisions of the Highway Code. I have a horrible fear that a very high percentage of drivers to-day have absolutely no knowledge whatever that the only thing which enables them to go round a corner is the adhesion of the tyres to the road surface, and that the faster they go the less that adhesion becomes. They do not realise that the friction between the tread of the tyre and the road surface is to their car whilst negotiating a corner just the same as a piece of string is to a sling being swished round in a circle. Once the string breaks the stone in the sling flies off at a tangent. Thanks to the very efficient design of the average modern tyre tread these ignorant drivers ninety-nine times out of a hundred succeed in negotiating even abrupt bends at speed, but should the road become wet then troubles sometimes result.

Many years ago I remember teaching a woman how to drive a car. It was a job which I did not relish but when we went round corners I was shaken to the core. Trying my best to be polite, I asked why she always went round bends faster than she travelled along the straight and to my amazement I was told that unless a high speed was maintained the car would not get round at all! Observing many of the drivers I meet on the road to-day I should imagine that many of them hold this same extraordinary theory.

I think the Minister should, therefore, seriously consider including in the Highway Code a short chapter on the elements of mechanics, and very clear instructions as to how to drive round a bend. I think I am right in saying that there is not a solitary school of motoring in the country that has an artificial skidding ground and I doubt very much as a result of this omission whether any driving instructor makes a pupil under tuition deliberately put the car into a skid.

Unless there were special skidding grounds it is quite understandable that no school would like to risk its valuable tuition cars by including skid correction as one of the subjects in its curriculum. So far as I know, the Ministry do not insist on driving pupils being taught what to do when a car starts to slide, and yet a skidding car in the hands of a novice is practically as dangerous as a bomb. On a specially prepared skidding ground the novice would very soon see that the greasy surface would affect him very little provided he kept going straight and at an even speed, but the moment he started to deviate and did not slacken his pace perceptibly the car would go round in uncontrolled circles.

I have very little sympathy for the man who has an accident because he has not controlled his driving to suit the circumstances. The man who overtakes on a narrow road and meets an oncoming car in a bonnet to bonnet collision may plead that his accident would not have occurred if the road had been twice the width. His reasoning may be perfectly correct but the narrow road cannot possibly provide a logical excuse for his dangerous driving. At the same time road authorities should immediately take steps to remove the lines which divide the road into three lanes.

Quite recently on one day I saw three accidents all of which, I was informed, were due to head-on collisions in the centre lane. Some authorities have removed the lines in question and in one instance that I recollect they were removed about four years ago because they were found by experience to be definitely dangerous.

It must surprise most people that what was found to be thoroughly unsuitable by one road authority that number of years ago has not yet been effectively brought to the notice of other authorities.

PIONEERS OF FLYING FORGATHER AT BROOKLANDS AERODROME: Colonel Smith-Barry (the bearded figure in the centre), founder of the famous Gosport School of Special Flying which turned out so many fine airmen during the great war, pictured with former instructors and pupils of Gosport on the occasion of their second annual reunion dinner which was held last Saturday

TWO GENERATIONS OF FLYING MEN: Colonel R. Smith-Barry seen with Captain Harold Balfour, M.P., the Under-Secretary of State for Air (who was one of his war-time pupils at Gosport), in front of one of the original 504K training planes

THE OLD GOSPORTEERS DINE TOGETHER: A picture specially taken for "The Sphere" at last Saturday's dinner at Brooklands

THE GOSPORT REUNION:

With the great strides made of recent years in both civil and military aviation, it is difficult for the younger generation to visualise conditions in the early days of flying. Systematic instruction, in fact, did not exist at all until 1916, when Colonel Smith-Barry founded the famous Gosport School of Special Flying.

The machines used at the School to instruct war-time pilots were the 504K Avros. The flying course was carefully arranged in sequences, and the "patter" then employed is, to all intents and purposes, the same as used by the Central Flying School to-day!

On Saturday last, old "Gosporteers" held their second annual reunion dinner at Brooklands, Britain's oldest aerodrome, the managing director of which (Captain Duncan Davis, A.F.C.) is himself an old "Gosporteer." At the dinner were Colonel R. Smith-Barry (in the chair), Captain Harold Balfour, M.C., M.P., Under-Secretary of State for Air, Group Captain J. M. Robb, D.S.O., D.F.C., Wing Commander Stanley Vincent, Major E. Gilchrist, M.C., D.F.C., Wing Commander Hammersley, Lieut.-Colonel G. Phillippi, M.C., and many others, all of whom were instructors or pupils at Gosport.

The pictures reproduced here were taken by "The Sphere" photographer at Saturday's dinner, where the organisers had been to great pains to secure one of the original 504K Avro training planes—as actually used at Gosport in 1916—so that the guests could feel thoroughly at home

Already we have had one instance of a 1940 programme being published, and now a second manufacturer has told us the details of his plans for the 1940 season. In the motor car trade we certainly are likely to get into a muddle with regard to the calendar. The programme to which I refer is that recently issued by the Standard Motor Co. Ltd., of Coventry. I am glad to say that the entire range of cars which have proved so satisfactory during the present season is being continued without any great alterations. This continuity of types has much to recommend it and I am sure the public have their confidence strengthened in any manufacturer who keeps on his models from year to year.

The range of Flying Standard cars includes an Eight, a Nine, a Ten, a Twelve, a Fourteen, and a Twenty. All cars delivered on and after July 12 are known as 1940 types, a point which is useful to remember when a purchase is made whether the car is new or second-hand. Price reductions have taken place on the Ten and Twelve Saloons. The saving in each case will off-set the increased tax that comes into operation on January 1 next. Prices of all other models remain unchanged with the exception of that of the Eight Open Tourer, which has had to be increased from £125 to £129.

It is very satisfactory to learn that despite the difficulties which have confronted the motor trade in recent months the sales of Standard cars during the 1939 season represent a considerable increase over those of the preceding year and are, in fact, a new record in the history of this old-established company. Although each model has participated in this increase, the greatest contribution has been made by the Eight h.p. model which immediately caught the public fancy when it appeared.

Before the civil war started in Spain motorists were touring that country in ever-increasing numbers but, of course, the outbreak of hostilities put an end to all that. Now the war is over many car owners are considering Spain once again as their touring ground for this year's holidays. The R.A.C. have had so many applications for the necessary permits in this connection that they made inquiries of the Automobile Club of Spain and the following is an extract from the Club's reply. "Regarding the information requested, the Spanish roads were well preserved during the war, and are, in general, in very good condition.

By
A. PERCY BRADLEY,
M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

"In those regions where the front was stabilised the damaged sectors have been very rapidly repaired and traffic is normal. Also, *all* the bridges and works have been repaired. A large number have been rebuilt and others provisionally replaced so as to allow normal traffic. The military engineers of General Franco's army have worked veritable wonders in this respect during the war, and at present the Public Works Department shows proof of such activity that before long all will be in order as before the war.

"Already we are able to assure you that motorists will have no difficulty in circulating on all Spanish roads. Hotels which were in the Nationalist zone functioned normally during this period and those in the recently liberated zone (Madrid-Valencia-Barcelona) have been immediately renovated and most of them are working normally. From this point of view, tourists have nothing to fear, life is quickly reverting to normal in Spain and motorists who come to Spain will be able to find quarters in all towns of any importance. The sale of petrol is also normal, at pre-war prices, as is that of oil and grease. There is no scarcity or rationing. For foreigners to visit Spain it is at present indispensable to obtain the authorisation of the Home Office (Spanish), which must be requested from the Spanish Consul of the person's residential district. It must be clearly specified on making this request that the authorisation is for entry and exit, so as to avoid any delay on exit. This authorisation may be used during a period of three months."

I wonder if many people ever consider for one moment what is happening under the bonnet of their motor car when they are driving. Let me take a Ford V-8 30 h.p. model as an example. Ninety gallons of water every minute are circulated through the engine block when the car is travelling at 60 m.p.h. At the same speed there are approximately 12,000 individual explosions per minute and each sparking plug produces 1,500 sparks every sixty seconds. The average driver when figures such as these are brought to his notice should have a healthy regard for the designer and those who make and assemble his car.

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Flexible steering wheel. Dual electric screen wipers. Sound-insulated body. Low periodicity springs anchored with silent-bloc bushes. Special jack operated from bumper brackets. Luwax shock absorbers. Extra-low-pressure tyres.

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3.G.96

ON THE TRAIL OF THE PRADO TREASURES (*Continued from page 167*)

The Italian School represented by ten Titians, by Raphael, Veronese, Tintoretto, Mantegna. The Flemish School present with Van Dycks, Rubens, Memlings, Brueghels, Van der Weydens, Van Cleves. And a thrilling German gem, all on its own, Durer's self-portrait, at once grave and coquettish.

But the Spaniards won—the soul of a people revealed preponderantly by three men, Velasquez, Goya and Greco, and by virtue of the sole collaboration that ever came to pass between the two sides of the modern Spanish barricade. The Republicans were instrumental in shepherding these wonders to Geneva. The Fascists permitted them to stay on, so that the passing world and his wife might observe the national character.

Whereupon I suppose I should interject a few words on finance. O.K. About £36,000 should have been taken by August 31, by which time some 250,000 should have seen the pictures. About £6,000 is owing the (chiefly) French benefactors who footed the transport bill to Geneva. When this has been met, and running expenses deducted, a cheque for the balance remaining will be sent to Franco. This ought to be between £12,000 and £15,000.

The return journey will be uneventfully ensured by way of San Sebastian. But I would like to have joined the Genevan commentators and said a few words on the outward journey. So many in the throng made notes. I should have told of that night of retreat on the Perthuis Pass, amid all these Goya faces. I should have mentioned in dispatches the saviours enumerated early on, and perhaps something in this style :—

"When Barcelona fell towards the end of last year, these treasures, and many, many more, were distributed in three corners of Figueras. Some were in the cellars of the Chateau of Perelada, where the Cortes held its last session, others were in the Lovajol yards, and the tapestries all in the Fort. Figueras fell under merciless and continuous aerial bombing. Once again, anything might have happened to the masterpieces. That Figueras civil and military mob was panicked, hating, grabbing, as well as bowed down and suffering.

"It was then that Señor Sert remembered a friendship with M. Avenol, and hastened, off his own bat, to Geneva. Yes, the Secretary-General would be glad to receive the treasure in safe custody, provided artistic authorities in France, Britain, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland made the request. Swiftly, Señor Sert assembled this spiritual plebiscite. But then there came a hitch. Having slept on it, or sought guidance, M. Avenol regretted that he could not make any approach to the Republicans. If some other agency did so, the offer to receive the pictures held good.

"Señor Sert dug up that agency, against time, in the form of an international committee of art lovers, and then the real job approached : how to get the Republicans to make over the masterpieces ?

"Three men got together at Perpignan—M. Saujeard, of the Louvre ; Mr. MacLaren, of London ; and Foreign Minister del Vayo. For three days, while the retreat developed into a rout, and the treasure remained precariously at Figueras, the trio sought to agree upon a formula regarding whom the pictures should be returned to when peace came. Finally, this was signed : 'Once peace is re-established the works will be returned to the Spanish Government, to remain the common possession of the Spanish people.'

"This text was taken by M. Saujeard to Figueras, in order that instant action might be sanctioned. But there was more vital delay while a postscript was added to the effect that under no circumstances might anyone place an embargo on all or part of the objects. Winter's night had fallen black, when M. Saujeard set off progressively in three directions to muster the masterpieces, he having previously telephoned Perpignan for 20 lorries.

"During the next thirty-six hours seventy lorry journeys were made, to and fro, between Figueras and Perpignan. The pictures were saved. Yet the saving was requiring big ready money, not least for guards. MM. Cognacq, David-Weill, Henraux, and Lord Duveen found this money. The French Ambassador, from Perpignan, had put his entire staff, cars, and influence at the disposal of the rescuers.

"Such are the men you may thank to-day for your pleasant morning's enjoyment. No, you will not find any of their names in your programmes or catalogues."

CONTINUATIONS

MARZIPAN ROADS ACROSS THE EGYPTIAN DESERT (*Cont. from page 170*)

Well, those Abdin Palace-like barracks have been pushed into the limbo of dreams. The millions which were to be spent on them are being spent on new roads instead. Much more to the point.

Meanwhile, the British troops remain happy amid the sportive bugs of the Kasr-el-Nil barracks in Cairo. Each succeeding regiment blames its predecessor for that inextinguishable legacy of bugs. But the intelligent Arab will tell you that Napoleon put them there first !

Meanwhile Egypt benefits by this change of plan. Not only do British troops spend their money in Cairo—and the municipal authorities were conducting a very careful but quietly veiled investigation into the spending value of the troops not long ago—but she is benefiting by the addition of vital arteries for trade and transport.

Three important roads are already building. The first travels up the Nile Valley from Cairo to the little town of Kus, which is just short of Luxor. On the way it passes through Kena, one of those great mud-built Nile-side towns, clamorous by day with the fellaheen of the cotton fields and sugar plantations, mournfully musical at night with the dirge of the pariah dogs. From Kena they are building a road across the Arabian Desert to Hurgada. Now if you look at Hurgada on the map you will see that it is important. Not only does it command the Jubal Straits at the mouth of the Gulf of Suez, but it is also the site of the Anglo-Egyptian oil-fields. So if in a war they could not get the oil from Hurgada to Alexandria by sea, they could take it by road.

From Kus, this road branches off again across the Arabian Desert to Kosseir. Kosseir is on the Red Sea. It is a dusty, sleepy little port, drowsing in the sun, its harbour inhabited only by a few Arab dhows. It has long memories of the old slaving days. And it has memories, too, of Abercrombie landing troops from India there in 1801. It remembers more troops stepping ashore when Britain was fighting the Mahdi in the Sudan. The time may yet come when other and greater transports will land bigger bodies of British troops in the harbour of Kosseir, the slumberous.

There is a third road in making. That is the road which the Shell Company has planned from Ismailia to Auja, on the Palestine border, and from there to Beer-Sheba and Jerusalem. That road they are already building at the almost incredible speed of a mile-and-a-quarter a day. Eight of my friend Llewelyn's great mix-in-place machines are at work at once.

They reckon to have the road finished by the middle of November. Thus, in half-a-year, the fertile brain of the long, thin man who could not be bothered to talk about his work will have conquered the desert which the Israelites were forty years in crossing.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

This Society with its 1,165 children under its care, would be very grateful for a gift of Zoo tickets which any reader can spare. Not only would these Zoo tickets provide a day's happiness for the younger children, but often on a Saturday afternoon, when the older lads in the London Technical School and Hostel are not taking part in a cricket match, a visit to the Zoo would be a great attraction as well as of educational interest. Please address any tickets to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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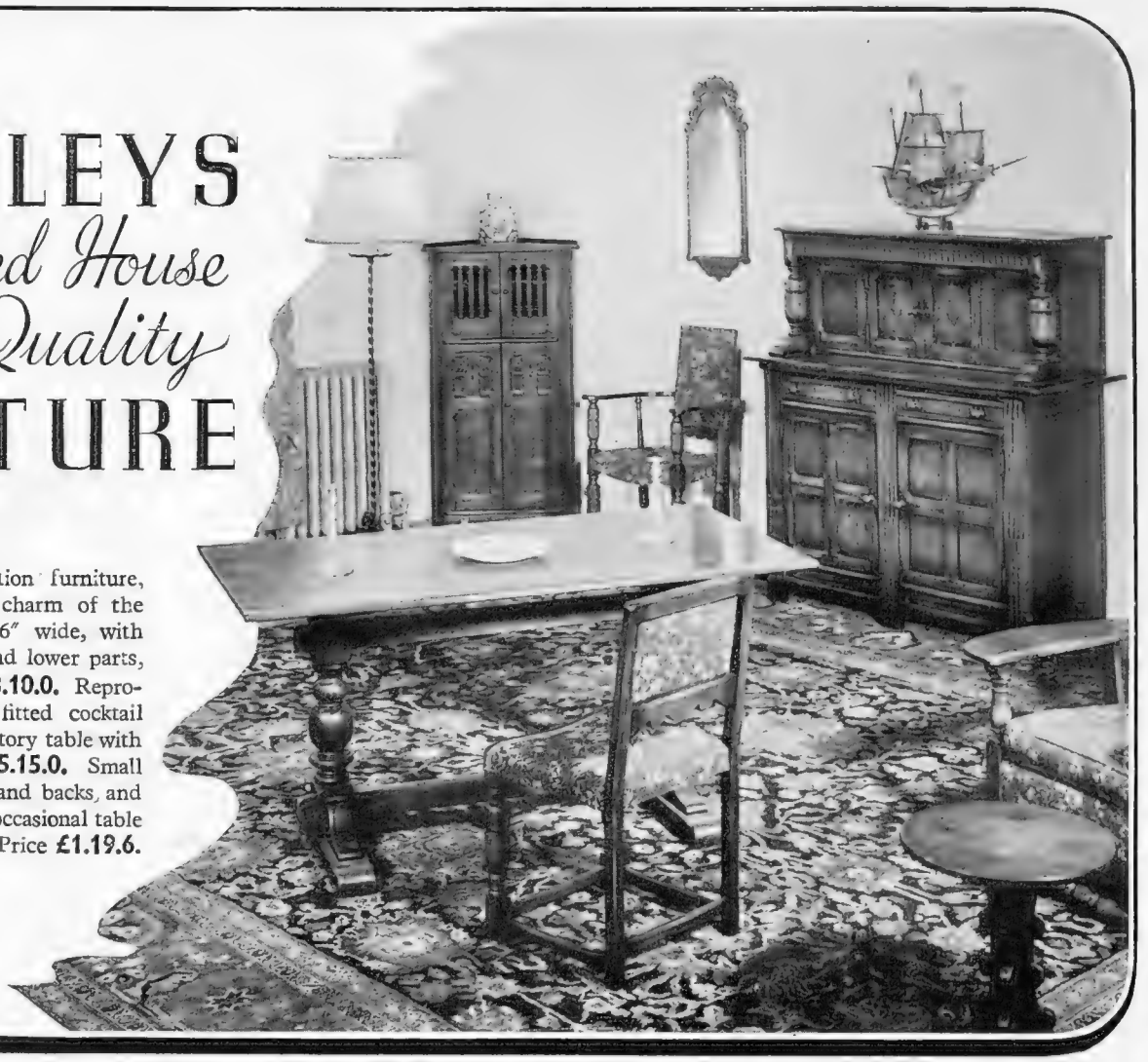

Beautiful examples of reproduction furniture, showing the dignity and quiet charm of the Jacobean period. Buffet is 4′ 6″ wide, with panelled cupboards in upper and lower parts, and fine hand carvings. Price **£13.10.0.** Reproduction corner cupboard is a fitted cocktail cabinet. Price **£11.10.0.** Refectory table with fixed top is 5′ 0″ × 2′ 8″. Price **£5.15.0.** Small chairs have tapestry covered seats and backs, and are priced **£1.12.6** each. Low occasional table is 17½″ diameter and 18″ high. Price **£1.19.6.**

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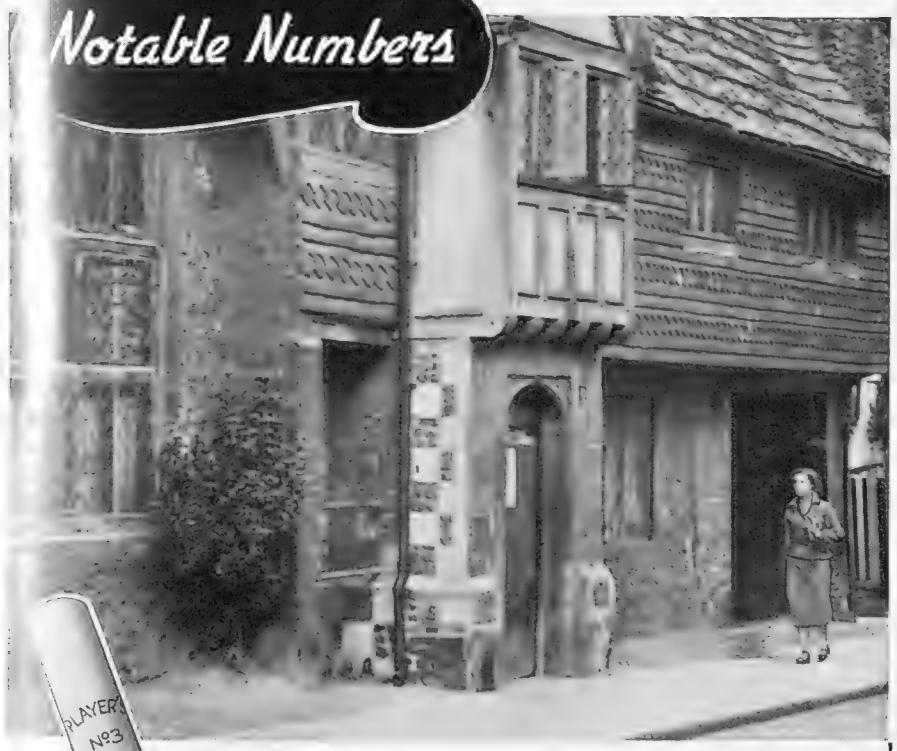
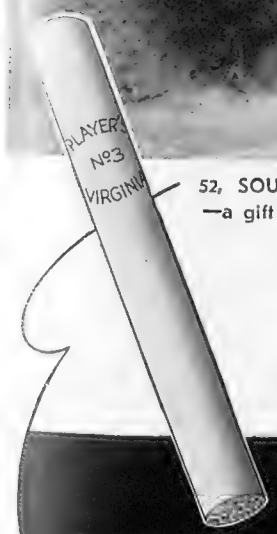


52, SOUTHOVER, HIGH STREET, LEWES. Anne of Cleve's House —a gift from Henry VIII to the Queen on her divorce.

The individual charm of this old place serves to remind one of another number notable to-day — Player's No. 3 — a cigarette of distinctive character and charm, with a reputation for giving that little extra quality and enjoyment.



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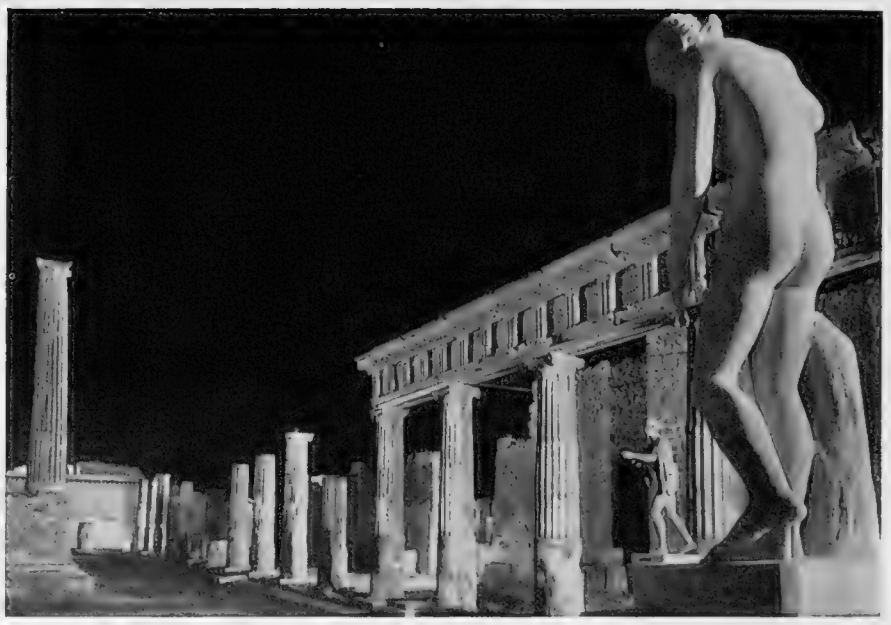
SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

HOLIDAYMAKERS HEAD FOR EUROPE

The Riviera, Switzerland, and Scandinavia Attract Tourists: More Trips to Italy

GOING ABROAD.—The less disturbed conditions of the past few weeks have had a good effect on foreign travel. Prospective travellers have evidently been holding back a bit while watching events, but with increasing confidence they have decided to go ahead with their plans and in some sections of what is known as popular touring almost normal conditions have been restored. Calling at a travel office one morning this week I found a scene of great activity at all the counters, and was told that it had been the same every day for the past two or three weeks.

France, of course, was drawing a lot of people, and Scandinavian countries were reaping the advantage of being outside the disturbed zone. Some quite large parties are leaving for Italy, and from those who have already been there this season, I have had a good account of the reception they received. It is surely not surprising that the traffic to Germany has suffered, but in that case again those who have been there speak of the goodwill shown them by the ordinary people of the country.



50,000 CANDLE-POWER FLOOD LIGHTS lend an intensified beauty to the glorious remains of Pompeii and those who contemplate a journey to Italy this autumn should certainly not miss the opportunity of seeing this fine display. With calmer political conditions during the first three weeks of July, bookings to Italy have shown an improvement

YACHTING IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND: Sailing boats about to take part in a race on Lake Thun which enjoys both a winter and a summer season. The Anglo-Swiss yacht races were held there recently

The Côte d'Azur.—In these days we are fully alive to the attractions of the summer season in the south of France. The quest of sunshine, warmth and fitness characteristic of this generation has exploded the old idea that the Riviera resorts put up their shutters in April and leave them there until the year is nearly out. The French people have always gone to this coast in the summer and give it a liveliness worth sharing, as many of our travellers know from experience.

All the summer season events that we associate with our own resorts have their counterpart along the Côte d'Azur. I have in front of me a very alluring folder of Monte Carlo, inspiring refreshing thoughts of regattas, motor-boat racing, water skiing, tennis on courts overlooking the sea, the Olympic swimming pool, roulette under the stars, and so on. There is no need for embellishment. "Monte's" way of doing these things has always been the best. You will remember how they achieved the miraculous by putting a golf course on Mont Agel, which, by the way, is open all the summer.

Cannes.—Then there is Cannes, which one well-known writer described as the most elegant city in the world. Like many other places in the country it can be divided into two distinct parts. The ancient, with roots far back in history, and the ultra-modern, beyond which some people do not look. They are the losers because in the old Ligurian city there is much to see. You will find its history written in the old fort which dominates the bay and in the streets which climb up the hill to the Mont Chevalier, crowned by the Church of Our Lady of Good Hope of the Sailor, a tiny ancient Roman chapel, and an old tower. Below on the gleaming Croisette you have the other Cannes. Into this setting in September comes an event which has thrived on romance, the International Film Festival; it will be the first time it has gone to Cannes, and at the head of it are the French Minister of National Education and Louis Lumière, the great master of the French cinema, whose latest invention is the film in relief. The French Association of Artistic Action is in charge of the organisation, with a committee headed by Mr. Georges Huisman, General Director of Fine Arts for France.

Lake Thun.—Interlaken gets its name from its position between the lakes of Thun and Brienz, and this paragraph relates to the former. The name comes from a picturesque and beautiful old town at the north-western end. It is dominated by the ancient Zahringer Kyburg Castle and has quaint streets of old houses. Roofed-in steps link the upper part of the town with the lower. The town is in full view of the Blumlisalp, a 12,000-ft. peak, and other summits of the Bernese Oberland.

The northern shore of the lake enjoys a mild climate and is known as the Riviera of the Oberland. An electric railway gives easy access to the sheltered resorts of Hilterfingen, Oberhofen, Gunten, and Merlingen, all close to the lake, with bathing beaches. On the hills above is the winter sports centre, Goldiwil.

The interesting caves of St. Beatus are near Beatenbucht, on the tramway between Merlingen and Interlaken, and from there a cable railway ascends to Beatenburg, overlooking the lake and commanding the magnificent panorama.

Pompeii.—Ever since I first heard the story of Pompeii and its last days I have felt its fascination. It is very near the top of the list of places the traveller in Italy must see, and its interest is now intensified by the 50,000 candle-power flood lights. Entering the city by the Porta Marina you see the ruins bathed in an orange glow, the colonnades of the Temple of Jupiter stand in bold relief against a red background, the Temple of Apollo is draped with a gossamer blue light, and the Temple of Venus is outlined in azure and amethyst.

The famous villas—the House of the Faun, the House of the Vettii, etc., which Lord Lytton described so vividly in *The Last Days of Pompeii*, are not illuminated by artificial aid. The only shadows are those cast by the soft light of the moon, and the only sound is the splash of water from the fountains which play again after twenty centuries of rest.

The illumination operates twice a week, on Thursday and Saturday. There are coaches from the Piazza Municipio in the centre of Naples which reach Pompeii in less than half an hour, and the Circumvesuviana railway runs special services.

South Bavaria.—One of the most charming touring grounds in Europe is South Bavaria extending from Lake Constance to the Königsee. It has all the picturesque features of alpine scenery—mountain peaks, conical-shaped summits, dark-blue glaciers, solitary mountain lakes, roaring cataracts and mild gorges. You find quiet homely inns, and throughout the country are the strongholds of other times.

The capital, Munich, and Augsburg, with 2,000 years of history, have this country almost at their gates, and in the mountains the names of the chief centres, Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Berchtesgarden and Oberstdorf are known to all travellers and offer many social attractions in addition to their scenery.

Canadian Rockies.—Travellers in the Banff-Lake Louise district of the Canadian Rockies are now able to traverse rugged mountain country hitherto inaccessible to the ordinary tourist. It has been made available by the Columbia Icefields Highway. The route from Lake Louise passes Bow Lakes and the Saskatchewan River to Graveyard Camp. There, if you wish, you may ride saddle horses to the new chalet and spend the night. The journey embraces a region which for long has fascinated the mountaineer. It contains many un-named peaks and great glaciers, still active, some close to the road. Fishing and big-game hunting are to be had under the best conditions, and the novelty of skiing on the hottest day in August may appeal to you.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following are some of many replies recently sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Concarneau.—Although this is a fishing port of some importance you will find it much quieter than many places in Brittany this summer. Picturesque and with the Breton atmosphere much in evidence, it is a resort of artists. There is a good stretch of sand. We recommend the Grande Hotel de Cornouailles at about 80 frs. en pension, or the Bonhomme at about 60 frs. per day.

The Ardennes.—Bouillon-sur-Semois, situated amid picturesque mountains, high and wooded, with charming valleys dotted with delightful towns, is a very good centre. The Hotel Panorama above the town is recommended. The en pension terms are about 12s. per day, but if you want a rather cheaper place we suggest the Windsor. Houyet in the valley of the Lesse is another attractive centre, and from there you may visit many beautiful parts by boat. The Marquisette at Houyet charges about 7s. 6d. a day en pension.

Corsica.—I think you would do better in the south of France in October, and suggest that you go along the coast from Marseilles to Nice. You could then cross to Corsica and tour the island, returning by steamer to Marseilles. The island is very lovely, but we advise you to take some warm clothes for the higher regions—Corte and Zonza. It will not be cold, but fresh and bracing.

Beverley Brooke

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THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU—continued from page 192

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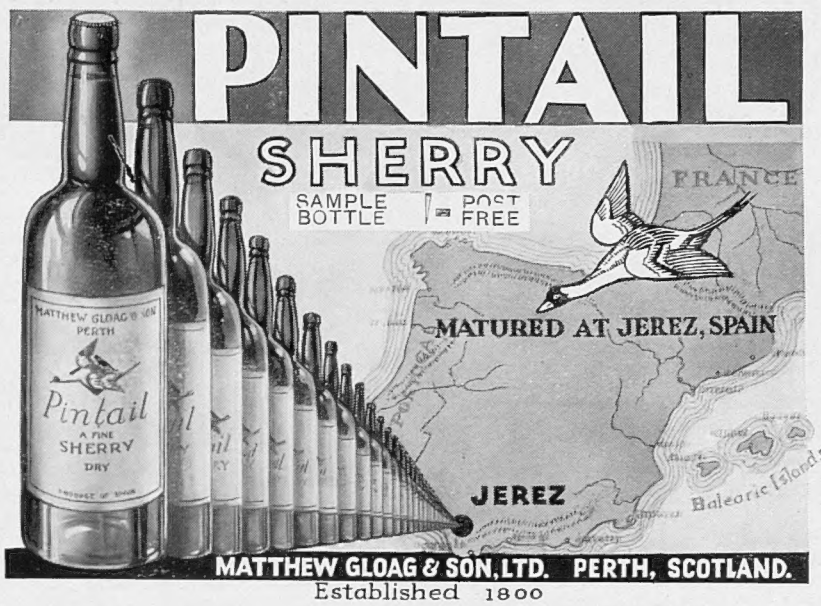

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Some Hints for Those Who Plan to Take Their Holidays in September—The Delights of the Devon Coasts

AS we reach the end of July my mind begins to think ahead of holiday possibilities in that most pleasant month of the year, September. It is a curious thing that people who take their holidays in different months seem to fall, broadly speaking, into types, and the September type is very clear cut. It goes away in September instead of August because, while appreciating the height of summer, it dislikes crowds. Experience has taught it that, climatically, September is the best month of the year, with the exception of June. Its tastes are probably eclectic — if not definitely exacting; and the sort of place which it appreciates is the quiet, unspoilt seaside town where there are plenty of opportunities for action, or just laziness.

Naturally enough, the mind turns to South Devon; and here are a batch of suggestions, some of which may be new to readers of this page.

If you are looking for a piece of coastal countryside which is wholly unspoilt, and where the voice of the tripper is never heard, you cannot do better than take the East Devon coast between Exmouth and Seaton. Each of the little towns along these few miles of coast is charming; and each is to a very large extent unspoilt by the summer holiday-making element. But of all of them perhaps the most charming and most unspoilt—and certainly the tiniest—is Budleigh Salterton. But smallness and quality go together in many spheres of life, and Budleigh is no exception, in that, small though it is, it can boast of several very good hotels.

It is no insult to other hotels in the town to rate the Rosemullion first. Few are the connoisseurs of the English hotel who do not love the Rosemullion Hotel, Budleigh Salterton. Its fame has spread far and wide. The reason? Partly its splendid situation, which makes it so attractive winter and summer alike, partly its very high standard of comfort and cuisine within, and partly "a little something which most of the others have not got"—but which the Rosemullion has to the full—an atmosphere of real distinction.

But if the Rosemullion is easily at the head of the first grade, there are a number of very excellent hotels which do not pretend to compete with it, but which are none the less worthy of being recommended. A recent discovery—and, I strongly suspect, the best of the smaller hotels—is the Otterbourne, which is very magnificently situated on the top of the East Cliff. Your first glimpse of this is likely to win you over, so charming is the appearance of the building from the outside. Rival hoteliers, incidentally, might appreciate from the success of the Otterbourne that it is often better business to spend money in beautifying the appearance of your hotel than in putting up ugly road signs all over the countryside!

Be that as it may, the outside charm of the Otterbourne is soon interpreted into interior comfort. You will find a private hotel of the country house type—and let me hasten to say that I use the expressions "private" and "country house" in the very best sense. Attractive furnishings, comfortable chairs, good beds, good food, and, not least, a veritable sea of really hot water, make the Otterbourne an hotel which I shall always remember for my own use. And these creature comforts are rounded off by a delightful garden overlooking the sea, which seems to be completely sheltered from the wind, while giving access to all the sun.

For those who prefer a tiny guest-house hotel, where comfort is out of all proportion to the moderate price, I can recommend the Montpellier Hotel, which has recently come under new ownership, has been attractively done up, and is now being very well run.

Another South Devon gem which I have in mind for September and autumn holidays is at the extreme opposite end of the county—Newton Ferrers, close to Plymouth, a flower which is borne to blush unseen to an even greater extent than Budleigh Salterton. Hardly anybody has ever heard of Newton Ferrers, and that is almost everybody's misfortune. For, of all the delightful, hidden-away spots, completely unspoilt by the hand of man, Newton Ferrers is at the same time the most surprising and one of the pleasantest. Actually it is not on the sea, being about half a mile up the estuary of the Yealm and thus sheltered from the south wind, which is the one disturbing element on this coast. But the water of the river is salt and tidal, and bathing is splendid.

As for hotel accommodation, I have two personal recommendations here. The first is a tiny guest-house called The Sheiling, where homely comforts are well and truly dispensed in a very personal manner by Miss Nicholas and Miss Howard. This is, of course, not the sort of place where you can turn up for a chance meal; but if you want quiet and simplicity, you will write to Miss Nicholas and make inquiries about the possibilities of spending a holiday—only write at least six months before you want to go!

My other recommendation is the Cliffside Hotel, and were I to stay there a fortnight, or even a month, I should not cease to marvel at the magnificence of its situation and view. From the outside it looks good, but until you get inside you cannot tell what the windows hold in store for you.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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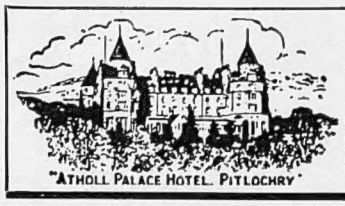

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Bath 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Corn.)—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bridport.—Battlecombe Guest House Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Brighton 4171.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Claeton-on-Sea.—Grosvenor Court.
Cromer.—Overstrand Hotel. Overstrand 229.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Grinton.—Grand Hotel.
Grassington.—The Devonshire Hotel. Tel. 25
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—St. George Hotel.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol. On sea front. Tel. 2857
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Oakham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
St. Austell.—Fairmead Hotel. Tel. 76.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Whitby.—Royal Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 812
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hydro.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o'Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perthshire.—Amulree Hotel, Sma' Glen.
Perthshire.—Atholl Palace Hotel, Pitlochry.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.
Tweedsmuir.—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Rubens Hotel.—Finest Hotel facing sea. Near Casino—Golf—Tennis.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Sea front. Near Golf. Casino. Bathing. Tennis. Special early season rates.

FRANCE

Antibes.—Grand Hotel du Cap D'Antibes et Pavillon Eden-Roc.—Unique situation, between Cannes and Nice.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. New lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera—Navirotel near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet with terms.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest) Brenners Parkhotel, Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Des Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Situated amidst own park.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel, 200 rooms. Thermal-bath in hotel, garage. Pension from RM. 10 upwards.

Bad Gastein.—Parkhotel Bellevue.—The house of international society. 360 beds. £1 a day.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. hotel, quiet sit., home fr. home, incl. trms, fr. RM. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. hotel. Dir. pos. on river Elbe. Garden, park, terraces, bar, orchestra, gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The leading hotel near Bath-houses and Springs. Own large Garden.

Franzensbad, Sudetenland.—Htl. Imperial.—Excl.—wld. known, close to the springs & baths. Season April 15 to Oct. 15. Prospectus. Tel. 35.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Bavarian Alps.—**Park Hotel. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg Hotel in best cent. sit. Evy. cmft. Prosp. Prop.: Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior**, near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date hotel in South Germany.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath, estab. Pension from RM.10.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Rose.—World-renowned. Opposite Park and Spring. Own bath. Establ. Patronised by best Society. Pens. fr. Marks 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

POLAND.

Warsaw.—Hotel Bristol.—250 rooms. Every modern comfort. 90 private bathrooms. Garage. Restaurant. Dancing. Cocktail-bar Garden.

SWITZERLAND.

Baden-Spa (near Zurich).—Verenahof and Ochsen.—1st. cl. highly cultured fam. htl. Mod. comft. 100 med. (thermal) bths. in htl. mod. trms.

Davos.—Palace Hotel.—Summer 1939. Rooms from 6 Frs. Full board from 13 Frs. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 ft.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Terms from Frc. 11

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Klosters.—Sport Hotel Silvretta.—4,000 ft. Orchestra. Dancing. Pension fr. 15. Electrically hted. swim. pl. Tennis. Wlkng. Mntaineering.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hôtel Meurice.—On the lake. 110 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage. Garden.

Lausanne.—Hotel Mirabeau.—Delightful residence. Homelike atmos. All cmfts. & amenities. Renowned cuis. Diet. Inclu. terms from Fr.13.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site Hotel.—Most-up-to-date, ideally situated. Ex. cuisine. Bar grill-room. Orches. Reasonable rates. Lucien A. Poltera, dir.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—First-class. Magnificent view of lake and Alps. Rooms from Fr. 5. Inclusive from Fr. 12.

Lenzerheide. — Grand Hotel Kurhaus. — Leading first-class hotel. Best position. Large private prk. Open-air restrnt. Trms frm Frs. 13.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—The Schweizerhof.—In own large park. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. Ask for prospectus. F. Brenn, propr.

Lucerne.—Hotel Balances & Bellevue.—1st.-cl. fmly htl, ev. comf., qt. sit., lvly vw. on lake & mntns, op.-air res. Pens. fr. 13.50. J. Haecky, pr.

Lucerne.—Carlton Htl. on the Lake.—1st.-cl. Finest sit. in priv. grounds. Mod. terms. Priv. sun & lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation directly on lake-shore. Quiet, yet central. Full pension from frc. 15.50.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel —Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own priv. swim. pl. Open-air rest. Mod. prices.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland) Grand Htl. Palace. —Unrivalled sit. on the lake-prom., quiet—yet central, beautiful lge. park, open-air restaurant.

Lugano.—Lloyd Hotel (Southern Switzerland).—Directly on the Lake. All cmfts. 100 beds. Open-air terrace. Restaurnt. Pens. rate fm. Frs. 11.50.

Montreux.—Hotel Excelsior.—Bst. lke. side sit. 100 rms. all s'th with balcony. Ideal for peaceful, comfort. stay. Wkly. all incl. terms in £.

Oberhofen (Lake of Thun).—**Hotel Victoria.**—L'd'g in pos. and qual. Ev. com. P'k, B'th'g, Sail'g, Ten., Gar. W'kly arr'g'm'ts fr. Frs. 75.

Pontresina. The Kronenhof. The traditional English House.

Pontresina—The Palace.—First-class in every way. Own Tennis Courts. Garage. Inclusive rates from 15/-.

St. Moritz.—Badrutt's Palace Hotel.—Host to the Elite. Season June 15 to end of September.

Spiez.—B.O. Spiezerhof.—On lakeside, leading hotel of district, all modern comforts. Private bathing in own grounds. Booklets, Boss, prop.

Thun.—Hotel Victoria.—Baumgarten.—Central position, large park. Golf. Plage. Own trout fishing river. Moderate terms. Diet.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—Leading hotel of the Jungfrau district, offers most enjoyable summer holiday. Terms fm. Fr. 15.50. F. Borter, Propr.

Zermatt.—The Seiler Hotel.—The very place for a really great holiday. Pension terms from Frs. 10, 12.50 and 13 up.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.—Finest sitn. at entrance to Swiss National Exhibition. Open-air terrace con. with Restaurant and bar.

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